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Special Issue — OUR GLORIOUS A.I.F.

Key to our A.I.F. map on opposite page

ON a brilliant day in January, 1940, a troopship steamed down Sydney Harbor, her decks lined with cheering, splendid young Australians—the first contingent of the 2nd A.I.F. sailing for the Middle East.

These men of the Sixth Division, and later their comrades of the Seventh and Ninth, went from their peaceful homes to achieve immortal fame in foreign lands.

Here is a brief outline of their heroic deeds.

The numbers, which refer to famous actions in which the A.I.F. played a leading part, correspond with numbers in our map opposite.



1 MERSA MATRUH— Advance post

In February, 1940, the first A.I.F. troops landed in the Middle East.

By October they had been posted to Mersa Matruh. The Italians were within 25 miles of Mersa Matruh when the British offensive began. By December 14 the Italian post, Sidi Barrani, had been captured.

2 BARDIA— "Breathing fire"

The A.I.F. was in the vanguard of the furious Battle for Bardia.

The Australians were "breathing fire" because they had been kept out of the fighting for so long.

Their commanders said:

"We can't hold them back. They want to repeat their fathers' feats in 1914-18."

By January 5, 1941, the British were in Bardia.

3 TOBRUK— Held by the "Rats"

Tobruk, 60 miles west of Bardia, was the next objective. In less than 30 hours after the first assault Tobruk had fallen.

Australians' part in Middle East battles

On January 22 the A.I.F. charged weak spots in the defences, and were the first troops into the town.

By April, however, the Imperial Army was retreating east before the Germans.

The famous siege of Tobruk began.

During months of incredible hardship the garrison held on stubbornly.

Their nickname, "Rats of Tobruk," became their greatest pride.

As well as defending the town, they carried out nuisance raids night after night.

In 21 days there were 667 raids by German planes, an average of 31½ raids a day.

On July 17, 1941, Major-General L. J. Morshead said:

"You can tell the world we are determined to stick it out, and are confident of the result."

Eight days after the fall of Tobruk Derna fell.

After the taking of Tobruk on January 22, 1941, the British Imperial Army swept on to Derna, 100 miles from Tobruk.

Before the end of January British and Australians were storming Derna's defences under fire so heavy that many of them had their water-bottles punctured by bullets and suffered from acute thirst.

In April the Germans joined their Italian ally in a smashing stroke which drove the British east again. The Imperial Army had retreated to Mersa Matruh by April 16.

The tragic Greek campaign has been described as "a failure as glorious and in the long view as useful as a victory."

The British official report stated:

"They fought themselves and the enemy to a standstill, till flesh and blood could stand no more, then went on fighting."

Early in April, 1941, Australian and New Zealand units landed in Greece.

The Germans attacked near Mount Olympus, driving ahead with 400 tanks to each panzer division, and Imperial troops fought an incredibly heroic rearguard action.

As long as the British language is spoken tales of individual and collective heroism during the hell of that retreat will be told.

The German invasion began in the third week of May, and the terrible British evacuation began on June 11.

At last, ragged, weary, and footsore, they reached the south coast. And so through "bomb alley" they sailed back to Egypt—bombed all the way, but cheering when they reached Alexandria.

Attempts to avert war with the Vichy French had failed, and Syria was invaded in June, 1941.

Cheering, singing, and shouting, Australians formed the spearheads of the British advance from Palestine, and British troops advanced from Iraq.

The plantations of guns through which Australians marched must have conjured up a picture of their own homeland.

Merdjayoun, 35 miles south-west of Damascus, was a keypoint of Syrian defences, and was the scene of bitter fighting.

By June 23 Damascus was captured.

The Allied assault on Beirut was launched from south, east, and north, with constant sea and air support.

By crossing country considered absolutely impassable, Australian troops reached the River Damour, 13 miles north of Sidon.

The river formed the main southern defence line of Beirut. It was broken by a superb midnight attack, described by the commander as "reminiscent of Gallipoli."

On July 16 the Allied commanders made their formal entry into Beirut, and received a stirring welcome.

Australian and New Zealand troops in northern Syria were moved to Egypt in July, 1942, to stiffen British resistance.

Secretly the Allies were preparing a great offensive.

At 10 p.m. on October 23 the Battle of El Alamein started.

The A.I.F. achieved everlasting glory in this, its last major action in North Africa.

It formed the spearhead of the northern wing of the Eighth Army.

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Strenuous and bitter jungle fighting in Pacific area

THE Japanese had advanced to within striking distance of Australia. They achieved the seemingly impossible, and crossed the Owen Stanley Range to the back door of Port Moresby.

But, at last, the tide of war turned, and the Allied drive north, from victory to victory, began at Milne Bay.

Slowly, with endless courage, the enemy was being driven north again.

1 PORT MORESBY— "Tobruk of the Pacific"

All eyes turned toward Port Moresby in the days following the capture by the Japanese of Rabaul, Lae, and Salamaua. Moresby was the only Australian base left in New Guinea.

Subjected to countless air raids, sometimes five in a week, the "Tobruk of the Pacific" held out grimly.

2 MILNE BAY— Clear-cut victory

Occupied in August, 1942, by the Japanese to form a base for attacking Moresby, Milne Bay was retaken by Australian combat troops in a fortnight.

It was a magnificent offensive, with fighting of bitter intensity. Through the mud and slush of swamp-land the A.I.F. and Militia fought their way to the first clear-cut victory in Allied land operations in the South-west Pacific.

3 KOKODA— Myth destroyed

In September, 1942, the Japanese had come to within 30 miles of Port Moresby.

Early in November the Japanese were driven back from Kokoda and an Allied officer said: "This has obliterated the myth of Japanese invincibility in mountain and jungle."

4 GONA-BUNA-SANANANDA— Trap closes swiftly

Australians, after battling steadily forward over the heartbreaking, tortuous Kokoda Trail, pushed the Japanese back toward their beachheads, Gona, Buna, and Sanananda.

Meanwhile U.S. forces advanced on Buna from two directions.

Australians occupied the whole of Gona on Thursday, December 9.

Buna Mission fell early in January, and the three-prong drive ended by the A.I.F. taking Sanananda Point on January 20, after a terrific 45-minute barrage.

5 WAU— Aerodrome saved

A desperate attempt by the Japanese to penetrate into the Bulolo Valley, at the end of January, 1943, was defeated by the A.I.F. at Wau. The enemy got within 400 yards of the aerodrome.

By February 12 the Japanese attempt on Wau was finally smashed.

6 SALAMAU— "On top of the world"

Advancing from Wau along Mubo Ridge towards Salamaua the Australians had to fight desperate individual struggles.

By August 24 the Australians held a strategic position on a 1200-ft. ridge overlooking Salamaua.

The U.S. forces advanced from their Nassau Bay base and joined forces with the Australians.

General Blamey was in the field directing the final assault early in September.

He said:

"We are on top of the world and over the crest. Everything is going so fine for us now that it all seems like a dream."

MALAYA LOST...Australia in danger

IN the grim, dark months at the beginning of 1942 the Japanese were sweeping farther and farther south. Invasion threatened Australia. Before the end of January Japanese troops landed at Rabaul.

In swift succession came the long line of defeats—Lae evacuated (January 25)—Japanese landing at Gasmata (February 9)—Salamaua taken (March 8).

In Malaya, after months of jungle training and frustration the men of the splendid Eighth Division faced the Japanese, but were overwhelmingly outnumbered. They were forced down the Peninsula to make a last heroic stand against terrific odds at Singapore. At last came the final smashing blow on Singapore, to end with its surrender on February 15.

Allied forces in the Netherlands East Indies were overwhelmed in March and Portuguese Timor invaded. A gallant band of A.I.F. Commando troops waged guerrilla warfare on Timor until they were relieved in April last year.

7 LAE— Airborne division

Lae was entered on September 16 by the Empire's first airborne division, flown in to Nadzab, 23 miles from the town, 11 days before.

At 6.30 a.m. on Saturday, September 4, a great Allied flotilla, protected by Kittyhawks, Lightnings, Mitchells, and Fortresses, landed east of Lae.

8 FINSCHEHAFEN— Complete control

Forces from the A.I.F. were landed from assault boats six miles north of Finschhafen on September 22 on a 600yds.-long beach at the mouth of the Song River.

By the beginning of October, only ten days after the first assault, Finschhafen was surrounded, and by October 2 the Australians had captured it.

9 MARKHAM VALLEY— Text-book campaign

Advancing 200 miles up the Markham Valley, the Allies imperilled the Japanese bases of Madang and Wewak. The advance was described as having the " earmark of a text-book campaign."

Dumput, a former civil aerodrome within 20 miles of the motor road linking Bogadjim and Madang, was captured.

10 SATELBERG— Surprise attack

Fifteen-ton Matilda tanks were used for the first time in New Guinea in a surprise

attack in November on Sateberg, 10 miles north-west of Finschhafen.

Fighting was so grim one wounded man said: "It is worth a wound in the head to get a decent sleep and cuppa." After a nine-day assault Sateberg fell on November 26.

11 SIO AND SAIDOR— Steady advance

Working north from Finschhafen the Allies advanced steadily to Sio in a fortnight's drive along the coast.

Wareo was taken by Australian troops, and on Saturday, January 15, 1944, Sio was captured.

The landing of U.S. troops at Saidor, on Sunday, January 2, took the Allied line still farther toward Madang.

12 MADANG— Clawed up ridge

The Allies fought their way up the Ramu Valley with record-breaking speed.

The Pimple, hanging like a knife blade, 100 feet over Shaggy Ridge, was captured at the end of December.

By the middle of April came the news of the capture of Bogadjim; before the end of the month Madang itself was captured.





STRALIA BORN

Patriotism really does matter, the skipper learned.

WE anchored the Annabelle off Tanu Island, north of Australia, in the early afternoon, and Porpoise inspected the surf through the glasses. It was an open roadstead at Tanu, and half the time the swell broke so heavy it was a risky business landing. But Porpoise seemed satisfied and put the glasses away, and mopped his red face with his pyjama sleeve.

"Can do," he grunted. "Get the boat rigged, Bill, and let's 'ave the business finished." Resting his fat hands on the poop rail, he squinted at the speck of vine-covered bungalow nestling in the palms behind the white beach.

"I never did like Brietman," he announced sourly. "Gives me the willies. Too smart."

"Well," I said, "if jumping a Heine ship thirty years ago, then starting the biggest plantation and collaring all the trade in the archipelago is being smart, you're right! Not to mention running his own schooner to 'Stralia and operating a few luggers."

Porpoise grunted. "Luck," he stated authoritatively. "Luck an' some very fancy dealing, Bill." This was pretty good, coming from Porpoise, who never came out on the short end of any deal. He took a long drink and went on, "An' look, Bill. We been at war two years or so, and Brietman's an enemy, ain't he? Why don't they put him on ice?"

"I don't know as I care for Brietman myself, but the Torres Strait patrol must drop in now and again to check up, or he'd be on ice all right," I reminded him.

Anyway, I got the boat overside and had the Kanakas fix a mattress, and we got our two sick men lowered and pushed off. The sick—they were Marshall Islanders—had come down with some sort of fever that was strange to us, and though we dosed them with everything in the medicine chest, the men got worse. The rest of the crew, growing nervous, went into their hocus-pocus and decided a witch doctor was needed, to which the sick men fervently agreed.

Well, of course, you don't argue about such things in the islands. About that time we sighted Tanu Island and remembered that Brietman's plantation boys were from the Marshalls and most certainly would have a witch doctor along.

So we ran ashore on the surf and beached the boat almost at Brietman's feet. The old German was as smooth as ever.

"Ah, Captain Bailey, and your mate Bill," he blubbered. "What an honor. And may I ask—"

"Kanakas. Sick," said Porpoise, jerking a thumb. "I'd like to stow 'em here with your medicine man while I run up to Tamatava. Be back in a couple of weeks to pick 'em up. If they're worth picking." He explained in detail, and Brietman beamed.

"Ach, yes. Come up to the bungalow," he invited. We sat on the verandah and he plied us with requests for news.

"We been out of Brisbane four weeks," said Porpoise, swallowing an extra drink. "So what goes I dunno. I give all my old papers to Collins over on Salina. What d'you know, anyway?"

"Nothing, nothing," said Briet-

man. "I was thinking of you, captain," he said confidentially. "That talk of Corkus Island."

Porpoise was genuinely surprised. "Corkus Island? And why? That's my pet!"

Brietman laughed. "Well, captain, I know. But I figured maybe I'd start a new post in that area. It's between the Crisis and the Antelope groups, isn't it? Should be a fine spot. Trouble is, how to find it?"

"Maybe it just ain't there," said Porpoise, blinking, and Brietman laughed and looked at him with his mirthless eyes. When Porpoise wanted to look blank, he did a good job, and Brietman swallowed hard.

"We shouldn't talk so," he protested. "The charts give it, but let it as 'position doubtful. What help is that? But you found Corkus and must know. I would give—Brietman hesitated, and then spread his hands in a generous gesture—"maybe a hundred pounds just for the right latitude."

I took a drink myself and said, "Brietman, the spot's only rock and scrub bush. There's a big cove with a lot of sea caves, and a couple of springs. But for a trading post—"

Porpoise kicked me and I shut up, but I didn't get the idea.

"It's a central spot and may be just what I need," said Brietman, smiling. "Maybe two hundred pounds, captain. Just for the position."

"No," said Porpoise, yawning. "I ain't when I retire to live on Corkus and get some peace." He patted the bulge he called a stomach. "I don't want no traders beeing round."

Well, the conversation went round a while, with Brietman serving endless drinks and a lot of hearty guff about us telling him where Corkus Island was, but finally he gave up, and we went back to the boat.

"So Tamatava's your next call," he said as we shoved off. "Good luck, captain."

"We'll be back for my sick men soon as we can. Much obliged," said Porpoise.

"I'm delighted to help," said Brietman generously, after which he stood at the water's edge and waved his pipe at us as we got under way. Porpoise pushed back his sun helmet and scratched his bald head.

"It's funny," he observed. "Brietman offering hard cash."

"Which we could use," I said bitterly. "Trading being what it is. For two hundred quid I'd park New Guinea in his lap, let alone a splinter like Corkus, which is no good for anything but seagulls."

"That's just it," said Porpoise, staring at me owlishly. "What's Brietman want it for? If it's good enough to offer two hundred quid, it might be worth five hundred by the time we get back from Tamatava. And, anyway, it's my island. I smell a rat." And with that he closed his eyes, folded his hands across his stomach, and pretended to doze.

I'd practically forgotten the whole business by next day, when we ran into a sticky calm and faced the prospect of wallowing round on the green swells for an indefinite time.



Manning the gun, the Japanese sent a shot over the becalmed schooner.

The third day we were wallowing round when the submarine appeared.

It was Wong Fong, the Chinese cook, who first saw it.

It came up alongside us. The conning-tower opened and a bunch of yellow men hopped out, and, for no reason at all that I could see, they manned a gun and sent a shot over us.

Since we were nothing but an island trading schooner, lying becalmed, it all seemed a bit useless. Also it made Porpoise blow a valve.

"Hey!" Porpoise roared across the water. "What do you think you're doing?" He put his fat hands on the rail, and looked poyeyed when a boat came pulling over.

An officer climbed up the ladder I dropped over. He took one look at my greasy old uniform cap and pushed me aside, walking aft to where Porpoise was sitting again. I almost took a swing at him, but the four sailors who came behind him made me change my mind.

"Captain Bailey?" He was a little squat man with a funny cold grin. He had a paper in his hand, and, clicking his heels and giving Porpoise a jerky bow, he read as follows:

"Yes, Captain Bailey. Very tall. Very fat. Little hair. Very rude. An excellent description."

"What I'd like to know," choked Porpoise, "is, are you getting off my ship, or do I throw you off?"

"You speak too quickly," said the Jap. "We have been at war with your country for two weeks now. You are our prisoners. So." He grew brusque—"you will obey orders!"

"If there's anything you want, help yourself!" Porpoise was saying

The officer pondered that for a moment, and then nodded. "Yes, that is true," he said dryly. "I am not foolish. So you will guide us. The schooner will be of better service if not sunk. We can use it. . . . Get the chart!" he snapped, turning to me.

Two Jap sailors followed me and did a pretty good job of looting while I got the chart.

We were ordered to start the auxiliary, and the Annabelle went chugging off, and the little sub kept pace. The officer and men we had aboard made themselves general nuisances. Porpoise waited until we had the poop to ourselves for a moment, and then he swore.

"Did I say Brietman should've been put on ice?" he demanded. "Or didn't I? He didn't tell us about the war, but he still got off a message in a hurry. I'd bet he's been slipping stuff out a long time, an' the strait patrol'll find a lot if they look round proper."

"How'll they ever get to know?" I inquired. "You don't figure we're going to get back to talk, do you?"

"No," said Porpoise. "I don't. We take 'em to Corkus—they probably think it might be a good base—and then we get blown apart."

"So what do we do?"

"I'm thinkin', Bill," he said.

He closed his eyes after that, and I hoped for once that what he was cooking up was going to be effective.

Well, we chugged along without light all that night, and our guards

laid around swilling and eating, but there was always one who kept a lax watch,

so there was little chance to try anything. The Jap officer kept rousing Porpoise, who had decided to sleep on the poop, and asking him questions about Corkus. The officer seemed to memorize everything very carefully.

He was drunk by dawn, and gave us a taste of what we were up against. Wong Fong was banging the pots and pans round in the galley, and this seemed to annoy the officer, for he went midships angrily, chattering something, with a lot of English swearing larded in between, and the next thing we knew, there was a shot. The officer came grinning out of the galley, sheathing his automatic.

"Sorry," he informed me. "You should train your men better."

He let me go past him, and when I got back to the poop, Porpoise was standing by the forward rail.

"Wong Fong," I explained shortly, "I guess he waved a meat cleaver or something. You know he never liked anyone in the galley. The Jap shot him."

Porpoise tightened up. "Wong was always a bit too fancy with that cleaver," he said slowly. His china-blue eyes turned a darker shade. The knuckles of his fat hands were white as he gripped the rail, and he was mad clear through. Wong Fong had been with us for years.

"I think, Bill," he said slowly—"I think, Bill, I got to do some more thinkin'."

After breakfast the Jap steamen relaxed a bit, two of them promptly going to sleep under a makeshift awning they had the Kanakas rig midships, while the other two lounged about smoking and yawning. The officer just kept prowling round. He'd come on the poop, look at the compass, and then give Porpoise a prod or two with his boot.

"We will thin you down when we reach Corkus," he would say unpleasantly. The heat began to get him finally, and he snarled at me, "If we had the island's position we could be there now and off this filthy tub. Where is Corkus?"

"I dunno," I said. "Only Captain Bailey knows."

"That pig," he growled, and went over to prod Porpoise again. He did more this time. He ordered Porpoise out of his chair and settled himself down. "You will stand there," he directed, pointing to a spot where the awning failed to keep out the sun. "You must learn too."

Porpoise was red as a lobster with rage, but he obeyed, and stood by the rail so the sun beat on him.

"That's another thing I owe Brietman," he told me with choking fury. "Me being kicked round my own poop deck, and that guy sitting there an' watching me sweat." I found a match for his cigar and jammed his sun helmet lower over his eyes. "Bill," he said feelingly. "Bill, we got a private supply of dynamite in our secret locker."

"Sure," I agreed. "An' fuses an' such. But what good does that do? Every move you make, someone reaches for a gun."

"I dunno, yet," Porpoise grunted.

The morning dragged on and it grew still hotter, and Porpoise still had to stand in the sun, until I was surprised myself he didn't drop. The Japs ate again, the officer still sprawled in Porpoise's cane chair, but after that meal he went fast asleep. Porpoise was sagging pretty badly by that time, especially as he hadn't had a drink in hours, and I slipped below and got a bottle from the secret locker.

"Here," I said, opening the stuff. "You'd better take a little aboard and come in the shade a while."

"Ah," said Porpoise hoarsely. "You're a good mate, Bill." He took a long drink, wiped his chins, took another drink, and then eased gratefully into the awning shade, keeping a wary eye on the snoring officer. "Bill," he said, "I bin getting an' idea. We ain't got a thing to lose, for sure as anything we'll get ours when we make Corkus."

I felt sick. "Porpoise," I said, "all I'm wishing for is a typhoon to blow up. We might get a chance to duck and run then."

I was going to say more, but I caught a movement from the corner of my eye and yelled instead, "Look out!" and ducked. The Jap officer had come to sudden life and catching sight of us talking under the awning, had reared up and hurried Porpoise's cane chair at us. The chair hit me in the back and knocked me against Porpoise, and Porpoise slipped went over the rail. The Jap

By ALBERT R. WETJEN

heatedly, and starting to get up. "I don't need a four-inch shell to tell me I'm licked."

"Naturally we shall need your stores and other supplies," said the Jap officer. "Ah, you will want to sit down, captain, no? You are a very heavy man." He chuckled, and the two Japs behind me laughed. Porpoise was a trifle touchy about his fat, and I could see the red surge into his bull throat.

"Make it short!" he grated. "Do you want me to abandon ship?"

The Jap took a short step forward and slapped Porpoise across the face, and I don't think I've ever seen him so surprised before. "You will learn to be polite," the Jap said harshly. "And, further, you will talk of Corkus Island."

"Ah," breathed Porpoise. "What should I know about Corkus?"

The Jap grinned again. "We have means of knowing what you know," he said. "And means of finding out." He consulted the paper he held. "You have been to Corkus. You will guide us there."

Porpoise chewed his lip for a while. He looked at the Jap officer, and then said bleakly, "Get the chart, Bill, and I'll lay off the course."

"You could tell me just the position," insisted the officer, and Porpoise snuffed.

"You ain't so smart," he said shortly. "I could give you it wrong and you'd shoot me, maybe, and then what'd you be in for? A jam, maybe. Hey?"



was shouting for his men, and they came swarming up on the poop with their rifles ready, and they jumped on us.

There wasn't much sense to it, and we hadn't a chance. They banged us round with the rifle butts, and when they had us down they kicked us and banged us some more, and the Jap officer hopped round egging them on.

"You will obey orders next time!" he spluttered angrily, aiming his revolver directly at Porpoise when the sailors finally dragged him to his feet. "Drag the fat one in the sun again!"

That was all I heard. A gun butt caught me a crack and I went out.

When I came to, it was close to dusk, and Porpoise was lashed to the rail, and he was a sight! He was practically naked, and badly man-handled. But he was talking back to the Jap officer, who must have done a little personal slapping himself, judging from Porpoise's streaked cheeks.

"All right, chum," the skipper was saying. "You set the boys to work on me and I'll get fuzzy. I allus do when I'm hurt. An' that channel into Corkus Bay's tricky and takes a clear head."

"You say we'll be at Corkus by morning?" the Jap asked.

"Dawn," said Porpoise thickly. "An' I'll need a clear head. I ain't in no shape to pilot through the channel now."

The Jap with sudden decision beckoned two of his men. They cut Porpoise loose and started to hold him up, but he shook them off and staggered free. I always knew there was incredible endurance in that fat body of his, but I never knew there was so much.

"You reach Corkus at dawn," Porpoise croaked. "That's a promise. And now—" He staggered a little.

The Jap nodded and I was helped up and Porpoise put a fat arm round me and somehow we got below.

We flopped into chairs at the main cabin table and our own Kanaka steward waited on us.

The officer came below once in a while and watched us shovel away what food we could, and he'd tap his gun butt significantly.

He told one of his men to guard the head of the companion and started to leave, but Porpoise checked him.

"You will obey orders next time," the officer spluttered angrily.

"One thing, fella. We must be nearly outa oil for the engine. You'd better get your tin can alongside to refuel us or we'll be waiting a week for a wind."

The officer went rigid for a moment. I suppose it hadn't occurred to him that an auxiliary schooner couldn't run for days without refuelling.

"I shall arrange to refuel," he said acidly. "You should have warned me."

He bowed and left.

"Doesn't look like we've a dog's chance now," I said. "He's mad."

"Ain't it?" asked Porpoise indignantly. "An' I'm thirsty. An' I got a date with Brietman."

I slapped the table and exploded. "But what's all this about, Porpoise? Dawn, and us running a chancy channel? You know—"

He stopped me with a look, and I'd only seen Porpoise look that way once before. He lifted up his fat hands and linked his fingers. It was funny, sort of. As if he were praying.

"Bill," he said simply. "Bill, I ain't never been patriotic. I ain't never thought about it. I've just been big, fat Porpoise Bailey, mooching round the coast an' through the islands. You figure it, Bill."

"I can't," I said, and I started to choke up myself. I'd been mate for him more than thirty years and I had a notion what was coming.

"Bill," said Porpoise. "I ain't crazy. I'm mad at Brietman, yes, an' I'm mad at a lot of things. An' I been thinkin'. Funny what a lot of thinkin' you can do in the sun, with never a spot or so to help you, and a yellow rat slammung you round. Bill, they aim to use Corkus for a sub base."

"I thought we had that pretty well figured already," I said, and he nodded.

"Aye, Bill, we had. An' I got to figuring that means a lot of our old chums ain't going to dock any more if that happens. Corkus is right close north of the regular runs. Bill, I been figuring I'm a white man. An' Bill, I'm 'Stralla born."

I looked at him for a long time. He wasn't talking like the Porpoise Bailey who'd practically take the gold out of his brother's teeth. I

said, "Look, Porpoise, maybe I'm getting this right, and maybe I'm not. But what's got into you?"

He coughed, and, for once, carefully dropped the cigar ashes on the deck instead of on his shirt or pyjamas. He acted like he was ashamed.

"I'm just thinking of them little men running loose in Brisbane and Sydney and Perth, Bill. An' maybe we can help. The sub will have to come alongside to refuel us. An' we still got that dynamite."

I didn't look at him. "If you try that, it'll be—"

"Sure, Bill. Maybe all of us. But we gotta try it." He took a deep breath. "I ain't getting slapped round by no one, Bill. An' I still got a score with Brietman."

We looked at each other then, and there was nothing more to say. I was 'Stralla born, too, and I'd had shipmates.

WE did some funny things for the next few hours. I got out what was left of the medicine chest and patched up Porpoise, and he patched me up as best he could. Then we both got into some fresh clothes. Porpoise found a few cigars somewhere and smoked one after the other, and after a while went into his room to get a nap. The Jap officer kept coming below to see what was going on.

"We will refuel as soon as it is dark," he told me. "It is possible Captain Yoshima will wish to speak to Captain Bailey as soon as we are alongside, so you will be ready to have the captain on deck."

"He'll be on deck," I promised, and as soon as he had gone I went in to see Porpoise, who was steadily swearing he'd personally tear the sub apart with his bare hands.

"No time for talk," I reminded him quickly, and I ducked back into the main cabin to keep looking out while he worked. It must have been an hour later when we heard the Annabelle's engine stop, and the bumping sound of cork fenders going overside to soften the impact of the sub as it slid close. Porpoise came out then, smoking a fresh cigar, and if the front of his shirt

bulged, you'd hardly notice it, as his stomach filled up most of his front, anyway, and he'd arranged the sticks of dynamite so they lay flat. He had them lashed together, fused and capped, and it was a long chance. But what was there to lose?

So we went on deck, and there was the sub alongside, with a few lights showing, and they had a hose stretched over to us, and were refilling our auxiliary tank. Our Jap officer was midships, leaning over the rail and talking to someone on the sub's deck, and we both, the sub and the Annabelle, lay cosily alongside each other, rising and falling gently to the calm. Best of all, the sub's conning-tower, a faint light coming out of it, the hatch open, was almost abreast of the break in the Annabelle's poop.

Porpoise moved over, puffing his cigar. He looked at me and nodded. I suppose none of the Japs thought us important. We had been disarmed, as far as they knew, and pretty well beaten and subdued.

So Porpoise got himself set. It was a wonder to me that his hand was so steady. He puffed his cigar and pulled one bunch of dynamite from his shirt, touched the fuse to his cigar end, tossed the stuff neatly into the open hatch of the conning-tower. None of the Japs knew what happened. They saw a faint spark curve through the air and fall. It was a short-cut fuse, and the explosion followed almost at once. For good measure, Por-

poise tossed another load. The noise fairly deafened all hands, and the sub sort of reared up with a spout of flame, reared down, and then opened like a sardine tin. The Annabelle came near going down with her when the strain came on the lines holding us together, but the weight snapped them, and we went from one hard-over list to another.

I went staggering like the rest. But I'd done a little talking to our steward and he had talked round in his turn. The boys had no knives, so they used belaying pins, remembering the kickings. I used one, too, and got the Jap officer behind the ear. The crew attended to other matters, as we'd all got in place as soon as Porpoise had shown up with his cigar, and if you take it all round it was all pretty easy. The Annabelle had some splintered planks, and most of her port rail was gone, but we eventually made Tamatava and got fixed up.

For once, again, Porpoise wasn't interested in trade. He could hardly wait until we had water and stores aboard before he ordered us out to sea.

"But what," I said reasonably, "is the hurry?"

"I've got a date with Brietman," he announced, ensconced back in the cane chair.

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SHE made her way sedately through the park. On either side, in the tolerant sun of a Saturday afternoon, disported themselves the youth of the city and of other cities far across the seas.

It was like any big park in any of the southern Australian cities on a "nice" afternoon, and the laughing chatter of the uniform-clad and their girl friends was calculated to amuse or annoy, according to one's age, disposition, and digestive powers.

But She looked neither to right nor left. Her sensible little feet walked smartly, and her straight, neatly clad figure would have damped the ardor of the most impudent "picker-up."

She had always sat and read in the park on Saturday afternoons, and she failed to see why the influx of this "foreign" population should alter the habits of Miss Carstairs, of Lewis and Lewis, solicitors, at your service.

She sat on her usual seat behind the canteen. It was a little square of green, always rather deserted, even on "nice" days, and surrounded with austere poplars and lesser shrubbery. She took out a volume of poems and stories by a man called Dunsany, put her glasses on, and read. She was twenty-four.

If you are twenty-four and can read poetry in the park on a Saturday afternoon you are either a poet or unusually brave.

Miss Carstairs was not a poet, it therefore follows that she was unusually brave.

She even dared to hold the opinion that, contrary to the avowed belief of Lord Dunsany, and the other poets, it was most unlikely that nymphs and satyrs walked this bomb-scarred earth, and that "Adventure" was a mood affecting the minds of "writing-people" at irregular intervals because of their irregular lives, rather than a "Fabulous Monster."

Miss Carstairs read on, marking the place with a small white finger occasionally, and wrinkling her brow a little to concentrate, owing to the fact that she had been unwillingly compelled to, what she termed, "speak firmly" to an office junior that morning. She hated to have to speak firmly; it disturbed her orderly soul.

From all of this you will perceive she had no idea that an "Adventure" was prowling round in search of a victim. Its fiery breath did not even singe her square little toes; nor was she aware that she sat direct in the monster's path until it fell at her feet and straightened up, prepared to run.

But, unfortunately, it caught the gleam of Miss Carstairs' spectacles, or was it the seriousness in the large grey eyes behind? And it stopped.

Miss Carstairs shrank in on herself like a sea-anemone when you touch it with your finger. For the Adventure was clad in a uniform. As if it could not be upsetting enough, it had elected to be an Adventure in Khaki. Miss Carstairs shuddered as sundry whispered conversations of the girls at the office sprang to her mind.

"I," said the soldier, "just jumped from that window." He indicated the open canteen window with a careless wave. Miss Carstairs thought it was obvious. She wondered if it always left canteens in that hilarious manner.

It spoke again quickly, in gasps.

"I got in a fight. The other side of the park. It started near me, and I'm feelin' lonesome, so I join in, see?" Miss Carstairs didn't. In the same circumstances she would definitely not have reacted thus.

"Well, the M.P.s mixed in, so I had to get going. I hoofed it through the canteen. They're getting pretty tough, and—gosh! it's a nice day. I don't want to get taken up."

Miss Carstairs ventured to peep at him, like an anemone opening one tentacle.

He said, "I reckon they'll shoot round that corner any minute. Would you mind if I kissed you?"

Miss Carstairs closed Lord Dunsany with a jerk. She felt the conversation required all her attention. She said, "Would you please go away?"

It still sat at her feet, but it raised appealing brown eyes.

"Don't you see, I can't. They got the dump surrounded." He indicated two uniforms on the street at the bottom of the slight hill. "The way I worked it out, it'd put them off the scent if I kissed you, just as they came. They'd think I'd been here for hours."

Adventure in Khaki



By Australian author
MINA GRAY

the M.P.s came up. They stopped short, gazing in amazement. "Wot d'yer know about that?" one of them muttered.

Miss Carstairs' first instinct, as soon as she could open her mouth, was to scream; her second (she usually acted on her second instinct) was "not to make a fuss"; her third (she had never had a third before) was . . . monstrous . . . impossible . . . to giggle!

She giggled! And realised her arms had crept round his shoulders. She straightened. They all looked at each other. Miss Carstairs was blushing, the "Adventure" was looking awkwardly sheepish, the M.P.s rather awkward also. They said, "See anyone run across here?"

Miss Carstairs mentally gave them "nought" for strategy. The Adventure muttered "No."

They regarded Miss Carstairs with a faintly cynical eye, but their main interest recalled them. They said, "How long have you been here?"

And then Miss Carstairs did another shocking thing. Horribly aware

that her pale pink lipstick was smeared rakishly and her hair decidedly in harmony with the lipstick, she looked at her watch and spoke "firmly."

"I left work at 12.30, then I went to lunch. That took about an hour," she apologised, "the waiting you see, then I came here; it must have been about two o'clock, I think." She had the grace to blush again, and it suited her.

They were still rather unsatisfied. "You!" They indicated the Adventure, who was regarding Miss Carstairs with admiration and that light which recognises a kindred spirit.

"He . . . came . . . soon after," said Miss Carstairs, still firmly. Her hat fell off. It had made sundry previous attempts; she let it lie. They picked it up. She thanked them all neatly. She was terrifyingly polite—she had not been "Our Miss Carstairs," of Lewis and Lewis, seven years for nothing.

When they were out of sight, she regarded the Adventure with a cold eye. She said, "It's all right now. You can go," as she said to James, jun., each morning when he brought her letters.

But it only shook its head and looked at her. Its eyes had begun to laugh again and its mouth followed suit with a co-operation that was bewildering.

Miss Carstairs did her Sea-Anemone act again. The monstrousness of her behaviour suddenly appeared. It had, naturally enough, got wrong ideas about her. She trembled.

It said, "What's the matter, you chasing me?"

Miss Carstairs hastily retired behind the rampart of Lord Dunsany. From the comparative security of this vantage point, she ventured a small, thin smile. "You know, this is the first time I have been errr . . . errr . . . picked-up . . . that's the word, isn't it? Would you please now . . ."

"Yes," the Adventure cut in, "I reckoned it was. Well, I apologise, lady. And you've got a pile of thanks coming to you, too. Funny . . . why did you do it?"

"Do what?"

"Wot d'yer know about that?" the first M.P. muttered to his companion.

"Tell all those lies." Miss Carstairs was indignant. "If you examine my statements again, I think you may notice I didn't tell any lies, as far as I'm concerned." She opened her book, "If they labored under a misapprehension, I fail to see how I can be blamed."

The object of Miss Carstairs' discourse cocked his head on one side, rather like an inquiring spaniel, and grinned. "Do you always talk like that?"

"Like what?"

"With all those school-book words?"

Miss Carstairs found her place in the book. She read, "Magic gives a wonderful spice to life, but it's dangerous, too, beyond any spices . . ."

The Adventure still sat there. It said presently, "You don't mind if I stay a bit, do you? Smoke?"

Miss Carstairs winced. "Go ahead," it said, "I can get plenty."

It was then Angus came. He was exactly on time. Regularly every Saturday afternoon for three years Angus had collected Miss Carstairs, "Annie" to him, in spite of her weakly expressed preference for "Anne." Angus worked in a builder's office. Therefore he was essential. He always looked conspicuously essential. Perhaps it was this label that had led Miss Carstairs to consider him so also.

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GIVE BACK MY HEART

By . . .
MARY HOWARD

KAY took another long look at herself in the mirror, taking in every detail of her appearance with a slow, critical glance. High-combed, shining bronze hair. Short, slick, wine-colored suit, absurd small hat of autumn leaves and veiling, matching shoes, and thin, fine stockings saved for special occasions.

She gave herself a little smile of approval, and then went through the hall into the lounge, and looked briefly at the small supper she had prepared, which she and Martin would share together after the show. It was a first-night custom with them.

It had been a terrible scramble, after the last rehearsal that morning, to fly round with a basket and get everything, back to the theatre to see to his correspondence, back here to the flat to change. But it was worth it. After the show was over, success or failure achieved—and, of course, it would be a success—they would come back here, the two of them, to have supper alone together, so that he could rest and talk, and relax.

They would go over the show together, scene by scene, criticising, suggesting, analysing every scrap of applause—Martin relied on her for so much outside the duties of a secretary. It meant an awful lot to her—this feeling that she was so essential to him.

Fear and excitement flooded through her, thinking of Martin. Even so, when he was all her life, she could not get over the feeling of strangeness and awe that anyone so famous and so clever should have swept her into his life.

She had felt like this ever since, as a scared but highly trained seventeen-year-old, she had gone into his office, and he had taken one look at her ribboned hair and flat shoes, and said, in desperation: "Good gracious! And have you brought your hockey stick, too?"

She was shaken, but had stood her ground. He was in the middle of production, and his secretary had left him flat, saying she was tired of being married to a theatre and was going to try the real thing for a change.

Martin was fourteen years her senior—thirty-eight to her twenty-four. He was slim and tall, and nervous and magnetically attractive. He could be ruthlessly charming, if it served his purpose to make you like him. He gave everything, time,

energy, heart and soul to his productions and his audiences—he gave people who were near to him very little, so that these rare moments of intimacy, when his need for her was undisguised, were precious indeed.

She gave a little sigh. Seven years—a little over—she had been his secretary. There had been a glorious selflessness in burying her life and her interests in his, living exclusively in his own fervent devotion to the theatre. But she had no real status with Martin—and to-night she was facing that knowledge for the first time.

She stood, nursing her elbows, looking round the charming little lounge, her expression unguarded in this lonely moment, a queer, haunted frustration marring the superb self-confidence of her looks and youth.

That Sunday after war had been declared, when the theatres had been ordered to close—and Martin in the middle of a new production . . . It had seemed, for a few hours, as though his world, his life had come crashing about his ears. She who worked with him had understood so well. She knew it might appear trivial to other people that this should matter to him to the exclusion of everything else, when the wider world of humanity was in danger. But out of her loyalty, she understood.

Martin lived by and for his work. That day when war was declared, some part of him seemed to die. She had not known what to do to help him. He seemed like a man who has lost all sense of reality. He had turned to her, after the historic broadcast, his grey eyes blind and stricken.

"BUT it can't stop my show now. The costumes are made. It's dress rehearsal next week. What good will it do to stop the shows?" She had put a hand on his arm, as though their positions were reversed, and in that moment it seemed that she was the elder.

"But, Martin. The world is at war."

He'd risen nervously. "Let's go somewhere—out of here."

Things had worked out even as Martin had never dreamed. In spite of war and blitz, the theatre had revived. This was his second wartime show—and in between he had been rushed off his feet with ENSA—the Entertainment for National Services Associations—and

broadcasting. Kay had never worked so hard in her life. She had never imagined she could accomplish so much as she had done in these past months.

This new show, with its glittering array of West End stars, and Magda Joubert, his newest and, he hoped, his brightest discovery, had taxed her considerably. Considerably. Continually at his side, flying between the theatre and the ENSA shows and rehearsals, starting her day at nine-thirty, and working through until all hours of the night. Four years—and what was her position? A treasured secretary. In his moments of self-doubt and anxiety a haven of comforting tenderness. Someone utterly loyal and utterly self-effacing, someone who gave him her whole existence, and asked for nothing in return.

Kay put her hands suddenly over her face, great waves of weariness and rebellion sweeping over her. She couldn't go on any longer—she couldn't.

To-night she would screw up her courage, and tell him. To-night the show opened, and it would be a success. A little of the anxiety and pressure of her work would relax. She would tell him exactly how she felt. "You are tearing my heart in shreds and wasting my youth—for what?" It sounded melodramatic and absurd—although it was the simple truth. No, she could never say that.

She would tell him that she had thought things over, and had decided to leave. Perhaps then he would realise how much she meant



Sparkling serial of the London stage in wartime—and of Kay, who suddenly tired of being wedded to a theatre.

to him. He had not telephoned since she had been home. There had been no mention that he would come back here as usual when the show was over. But he would come. He always came. She would tell him then, and perhaps he would ask her to stay in his life for ever—or perhaps, he would let her go.

That did not bear thinking about. She glanced at her small jewelled watch. Martin had given it to her for her birthday one year. It was five o'clock. The curtain went up at six-thirty, and she must be at the theatre in plenty of time. There were always a hundred things to attend to during the show. Minor responsibilities to take from him, trivialities to keep away.

He liked her to be near him. He would look round for her, his good-looking face twisted irritably. "Where's Kay? Don't leave me, Kay. Stay here!" She would stay beside him, waiting for the curtains to close finally, until the strain died from his face and he turned to her and smiled, saying: "All right—let's go."

SHE took down a coat of silky, brown-dyed squirrel, and swung it on, cape-wise over her suit, picked up her bag and torch and gloves, and went out quickly into the chill, spring dusk. There was that fresh misty expectancy about everything that quivers invisibly through the air before spring really comes.

There was a taxi stand at the corner of the street, and there was usually one there at this time in the evening. She went along quickly, her heels tapping out a little rhythm on the wide Kensington pavement. A black cat jumped out of some bushes along the square and ran along with her, holding up its tail with plummy excitement. Good luck? She needed it. She saw the glimmering red rear light of a taxi on the rank, and began to run toward it, arriving a half-second later than a tall young man in R.A.F. uniform, a sergeant's stripes on his arm.

She said quickly: "My taxi, I believe?"

The voice that answered her was soft and lazy, with the faintest West Country burr in its depths. The darkness was gathering fast, but she could still see a little—see that

he was dark, and that in spite of the vague irritation in the soft voice he was smiling, showing very even white teeth.

"Fair dos," he said slowly. "You arrived just a fraction after I did. I'll

be generous. How about tossing for it?"

She turned on all the professional charm and persuasion she could muster. "Please let me have it. I didn't mean to be aggressive, but I just have to be at the Anderson Theatre before six-thirty."

Again the laconic grin, and the soft voice with the lazy burr—it took her back in years, to childhood holidays, to stretches of purple moor with the grey tors rising to red ploughed earth, and sea like blue glass. He said: "Oddly enough, so have I. Jump in. We'll go along together."

She hesitated. There was nothing else to do. If he was going to exactly the same destination, it would be churlish not to agree. She stepped obediently into the taxi, while the unknown sergeant gave the man the address and stepped in beside her.

They rode in complete silence for a moment, both acutely aware of each other. Kay felt rather resentful, refusing to consider why until her inherent fair-mindedness admitted that as Martin Anderson's secretary she was used to fixing things quickly, smoothing things out—if necessary crushing the opposition—and that this time she had, very quietly, been put in her place.

One had to be callous sometimes. There were so many people who would do for what Martin wanted, but always only one whom he could visualise, and that was the person one had to get. That was the person round whom everything circulated. Taxicabs waiting, dressmakers flatterers, musicians rehearsing, photographers posing. Magda Joubert, for instance. A little polyglot, French-Hungarian, unknown until she was seen by Martin in an amateur show. But since Martin had signed her on, he had treated her as a great star, and Kay had had to see everyone else had treated her in the same way. To-night they would see if she really was a star.

Martin had never had a failure. Yet Kay wondered. There was some quality about Magda which she distrusted, which was somehow not in Martin's tradition. Kay had not tried to explain this to Martin.

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EDWARD JAMES GREEN

The DISCUS THROWER

"PUSH on," croaked the sergeant, "push on, and for the love of Mike don't get off the track." The sergeant had, somehow, the ridiculous air of a hen fussing over its chickens. He peered from side to side into the gloomy morass of jungle, he looked up at the sky; he constantly urged the tired patrol onward.

The seven battle-weary men plodded slowly through the mud of the narrow track, over a ridge, and down into a liana-tangled gully.

Suddenly, one of them pitched forward on his face. The report of the sniper's rifle reached them as he fell.

"Down!" rasped the sergeant, and as the patrol went to earth the report of his own rifle sent echoes through the gully and a tree on the ridge trembled gently to and fro. The sergeant's red-ringed eyes glinted momentary satisfaction.

"How is it, Harry?" One of the men, a blond giant, bent over the wounded man, and lifted him carefully up and over.

"O.K., Don." The lips twisted into a grimace meant for a smile. "I saw they're tricky . . . keep . . ."

Don Fraser laid a reassuring hand on his friend's arm. "Don't worry, Mercury, you'll be all right."

Clumsily he pulled open the muddled shirt. The Jap bullet had entered just under the shoulder. He was making a rough bandage when the sergeant wriggled up.

"How is he?" he muttered, and then, without waiting for a reply: "We've got to get out of here, Fraser. No ammunition, no water. We've got to make advance headquarters . . . it's our only chance. If the Nips infiltrate we're sunk . . . they'll force us into the jungle."

Fraser nodded, and busied himself with the bandage.

The sergeant called softly to one of the men, "Here, Red. Give Fraser a hand with Cartwright. See if you can make a stretcher out of some boughs. We've got to get out of this quick." Without waiting for Red's help, Fraser gathered up the wounded man, and the patrol, still clinging to their empty rifles, plodded on.

The heat was terrific. The sweat ran down Fraser's face, down his chest. He could feel it running down his thighs. He kept his eyes on Armstrong, the man ahead. The wounded man lay still across his shoulders.

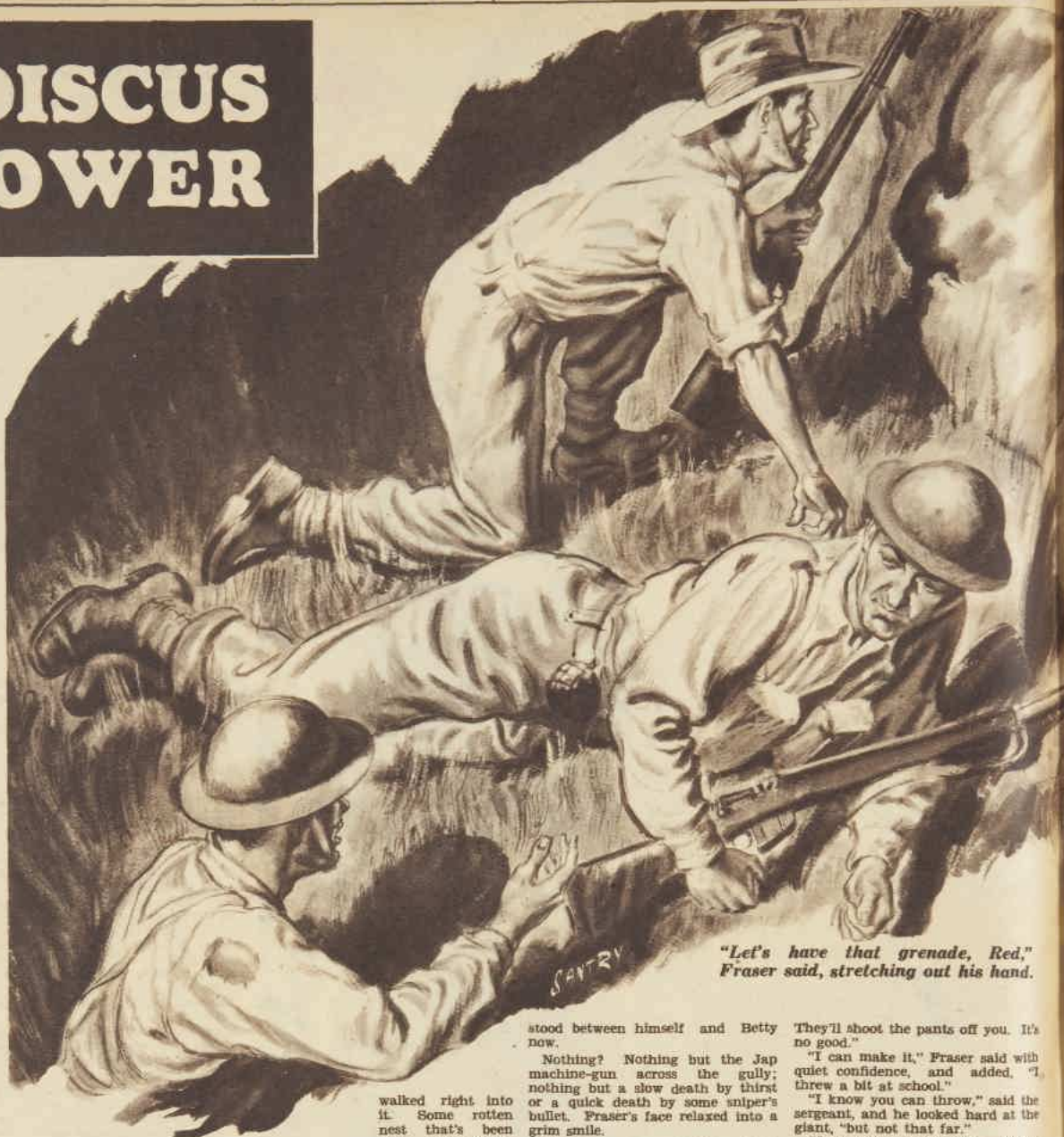
Armstrong had "laughing knees!" Every now and then his legs would shiver uncontrollably. It reminded Fraser of jitterbugs. Everybody got "laughing knees" sooner or later in this rotten country. Climbing up the slippery ridges did it.

His mind clung to jitterbugs. Jitterbugs meant home, lead drinks, steak and eggs at Coulter's Cafe . . . Betty. Whenever he found time to think he thought of Betty. Blue-eyed, laughter-loving Betty . . . Betty swimming with himself and Harry. Betty, her golden hair flying, speeding along at sixty, with himself and Harry. Betty, adorable in white, with moonlight and soft music, dancing with himself . . . or Harry.

It was the old story; two men in love with one girl. That's how it had been from the beginning. . . .

At school, when Harry won the 100 yards, "Where's Betty?" Himself, when he won the discus throw, "I wonder if Betty's watching." Later, at afternoon tea, she had knighted them, Sir Mercury, Sir Discobolus, laying a cake fork on each of their shoulders and bewitching them with her blue eyes.

Struggling along the greasy track, Fraser thought of that final leave dance at the "Casino." Thought of the way he'd nerved himself to grab this last chance to tell Betty what she meant to him. He wasn't good at this sort of thing; not like Harry, with his dark good looks and his easy charm. Well, he'd got there too late.



"Let's have that grenade, Red," Fraser said, stretching out his hand.

"Oh, Discobolus, Discobolus," she'd whispered. Even now, he fancied he could feel the soft hand on his arm as they stood in the "Casino" garden. "It's Harry?" he heard himself saying, and then . . . "I'm glad."

With his eyes fixed on Armstrong's back, Fraser knew that he wasn't glad. Glad? Why, ever since that night he'd had to fight back bitter envy toward Cartwright. He'd found himself almost hating his dark sickness, his self-assurance, everything about him. Time and again he'd fought back the thought—what if a Jap bullet got Cartwright? And now it had happened.

The patrol was climbing now, up and toward a ledge. Once Armstrong slipped, pulling Fraser up suddenly, and making the wounded man gasp. Presently the track flattened out to turn sharply to the right round the shoulder of the hill. On the left the gully fell sheer. The easier going relieved the weight of the man on Fraser's back.

"Ought to make a stretcher for Cartwright," said the sergeant, dropping back to join Fraser. "When we get round this ledge we'll pull up and make one. Can't be far . . ."

The clatter of the machine-gun filled the gully, drowning the sergeant's voice. The head of the patrol curled up.

"What can you do?" asked the sergeant savagely, a few minutes later. In futile anger he had loosed off his last round over the ridge, and then hastily dropped for cover as the reply of the gun across the gully peppered the spot.

"They've got Shorty and Davis. I just left them for a minute. They

walked right into it. Some rotten nest that's been there for weeks.

Stuck there like a shag on a rock. The sergeant's voice carried all the bitterness of frustration.

The remnant of the patrol lay crouched behind the ledge. Armstrong tried to make the wounded man comfortable against a tree. He wriggled back to the others.

"That bullet's inside him somewhere," he said. "If he don't get attention he's gonner pass out."

The sergeant lifted his head. His beard was covered with mud. At length he said: "We've got to wait till it's dark; they've got this corner covered. When it's dark we've got a chance to slip past. We've got to stick to the track; couldn't get through the jungle—not with Cartwright, anyway."

By Australian author

BERTRAM W. JAMES

"It'll be six hours before it's dark," said Armstrong.

From his place beside the sergeant Fraser stared across at Red, who was chewing some small berries. From Red's belt hung a solitary grenade. For an instant it held Fraser's attention, then his gaze passed on to the wounded man.

There was nothing about Cartwright now that suggested the successful rival. Fraser's eyes travelled thoughtfully over the dirty stubble of black beard; the torn uniform plastered with mud; the ugly stain of blood that covered his friend's shirt.

"He'll never last six hours," thought Fraser, and against all his better feelings, a fierce elation surged through his whole being. Nothing

stood between himself and Betty now.

Nothing? Nothing but the Jap machine-gun across the gully; nothing but a slow death by thirst or a quick death by some sniper's bullet. Fraser's face relaxed into a grim smile.

There was a movement from Cartwright and Armstrong crawled across to him. Presently he crept up to Fraser.

"He wants to speak to you. He looks pretty crook to me," he said.

Keeping low, Fraser wriggled across to the wounded man. Cartwright's face was grey. He opened his eyes, and managed to smile when he saw it was Fraser.

"Discobolus, tell them I'm done," Cartwright muttered with an effort. There was a pause, then he said: "Betty . . . she'll need you, Don. Go . . ."

"Listen, Harry," said Fraser, and his tone was urgent. "Betty doesn't need me. It's you she needs. Are you going to let her down?" He smiled into Cartwright's eyes. "How about it?"

The wounded man's lips firmed. "O.K.," he murmured.

Fraser left him and crawled back to Red.

"Let's have that grenade, Red," he said, stretching out his hand. Red looked up at him and then down at the grenade. He seemed surprised. Quietly he unhooked it and gave it to Fraser.

Alongside the sergeant, Fraser said, "Listen, Sarge, I'm going to have a shot at that nest."

The sergeant looked from Fraser's face to the grenade in his hand. "Where'd you get that," he asked. "From Red. I don't think he knew he had it."

The sergeant looked grim. "That nest's the other side of the gully," Fraser nodded.

"Nobody could throw an egg that far," said the sergeant, "besides you'd have to run out on to the track.

They'll shoot the pants off you. It's no good."

"I can make it," Fraser said with quiet confidence, and added, "I threw a bit at school."

"I know you can throw," said the sergeant, and he looked hard at the giant, "but not that far."

There was a pause, then Fraser said, "Cartwright won't last six hours without attention."

The sergeant looked troubled. "We can't help him," he said, "any more than we can help Shorty . . . or Davis."

"Listen," said Fraser quickly. "There's a girl at home, she's waiting for Cartwright; do you understand?"

The sergeant gave him a long searching look. Then abruptly he asked: "What do you want me to do?"

"I'll need a run, back there from beside Cartwright," said Fraser. "You and Red wave your rifles over the ledge here and draw their fire."

The sergeant nodded and the two men clasped hands. "You must like this girl," said the sergeant, and beckoned to Red.

Down beside Cartwright, Fraser signalled to the sergeant. The rattle of the Jap gun shattered the silence. The sergeant, Red, and Armstrong watched Fraser's run take him out on to the ledge. He threw, not overarm, but with a wide sweeping movement that brought into play all the strength of his arm and shoulder.

To the agonised patrol behind the ledge the machine-gun seemed to rattle on, and on, and then there was a "plomp," and, suddenly, silence.

"He's got 'em, he's got 'em," yelled Armstrong, and danced up and down the ledge.

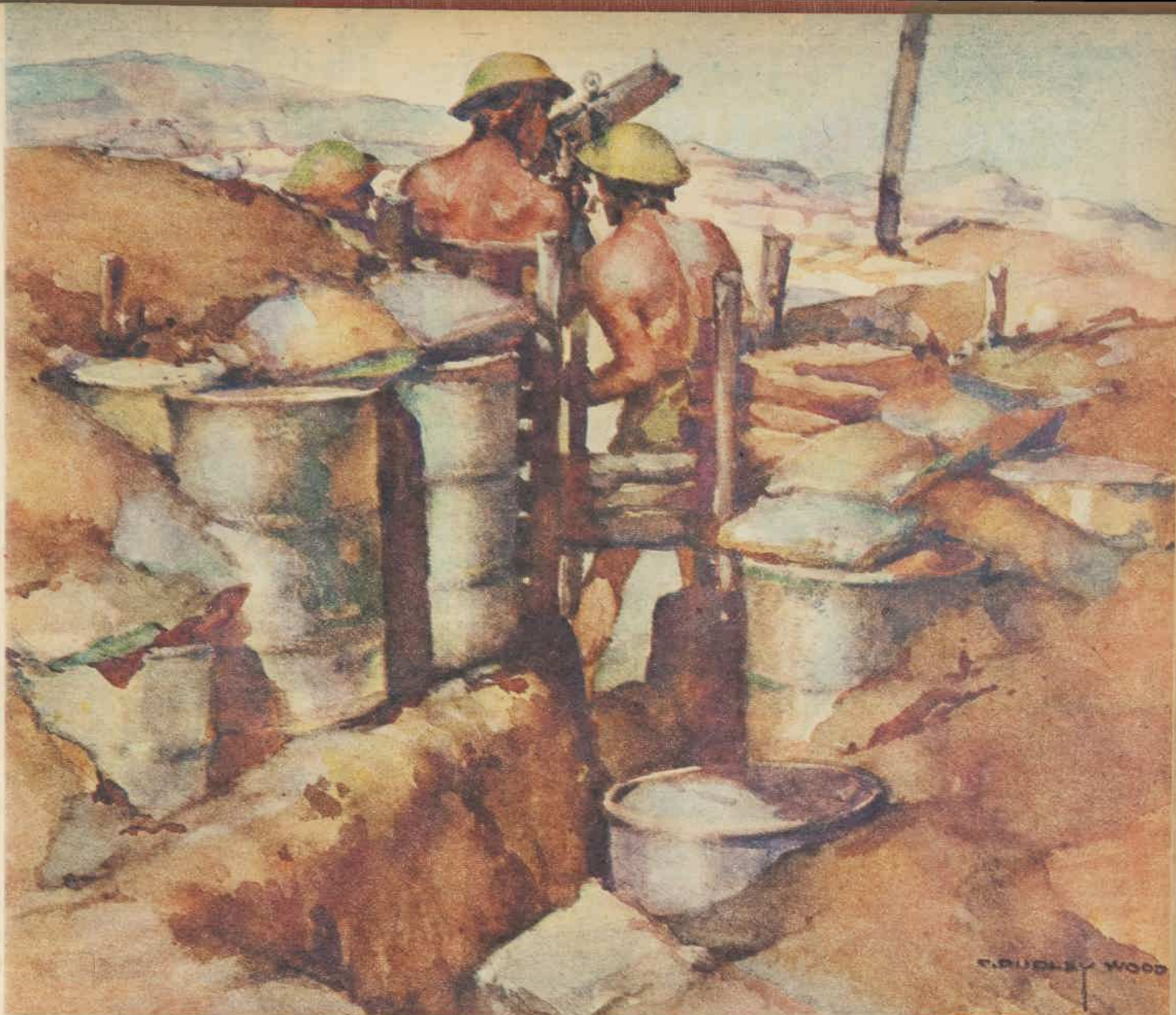
"How's Cartwright?" asked Armstrong, as the sergeant came out of the M.O.'s tent.

"The quack says he'll make it," said the sergeant.

"He's never looked back since Fraser spoke to him just before he . . ."

"Just before he died for some shells back home," broke in the sergeant.

(Copyright)



• MACHINE-GUN POST in the North.

FIGHT 'EM BACK!

WHEN you read in daily papers of another air attack, Do you think of all the gunners standing by, Pushing mighty stocks of ammo, through the bores of every gun, Giving hell to Tojo's bombers in the sky?

When you hear of Zeros strafing, you can picture gunners laughing As the Aussies and the Yanks hop to attack. You can bet your bottom dollar that the yellow rat will holler, For the ack-ack gunner's creed is, "Fight 'em back."

Who wants to be a gunner, and live beside the drome? It's the target for to-night—you cop the lot.

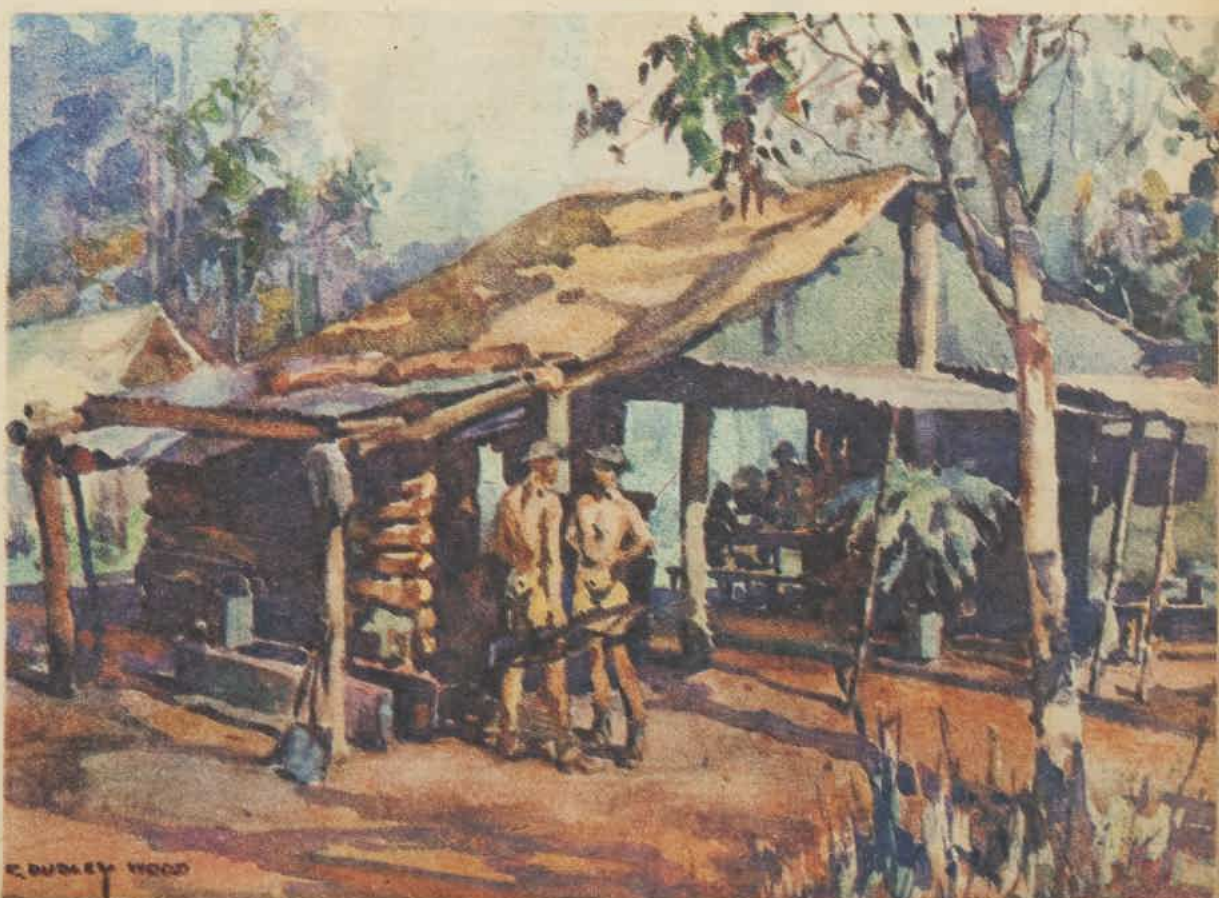
And you haven't time to wonder as the guns are crashing thunder, What it is that makes a shellcase so darned hot!

They're the "Heavies" and the Bofors—and the deadly point-fives, too.

And they're manned by Yanks and Aussies, who won't crack.

So at a hundred shells a minute sure the Japs just won't be in it, For the ack-ack gunner's creed is, "Fight 'em back." —GUNNER.

• Right: ACK-ACK GUNNERS' MESS HUT in a northern operational area.



Paintings by C. Dudley Wood.

They learn jungle tactics the hard way



FIELD-FIRING EXERCISES in jungle country. Second-in-Command (left) controls operation which culminates in mopping up enemy-held village. Rain-forest areas, where training is carried out, are chosen because of their resemblance to tropical jungle.

AT jungle schools in specially selected areas, Australian soldiers are being trained for tropical warfare. The training is based on actual experience of jungle fighting—experience dearly bought in those early days of the war when our men, stemming the invader in New Guinea, learned that, to live and to win, they must better the tricks of the wily Japanese.



CROUCHED IN AMBUSH, soldier awaits right moment to surprise "enemy" approaching. If any part of soldier is visible to spotters he is warned by burst of Bren-gun fire overhead.



UNARMED COMBAT. Soldier demonstrates how to deal with an attack by aggressive enemy when he is surprised without arms.



QUICK ACTION with bayonet is essential. Picture shows man practising with a dummy.



APPROACHING enemy-held village, soldiers creep forward with bayonets fixed for mopping-up exercises. They are taught to move noiselessly and to surprise foe lurking in foxholes.



SIFTING EVIDENCE of enemy occupation. Soldiers are taught to examine for information ground formerly held by enemy. They learn how to reconstruct recent activities of the enemy, and to study type of weapon he uses.



SNEAKER TRAINING. Taking advantage of a concealing bank, this soldier crawls noiselessly through mud to surprise enemy. No matter how wet the country he must try to keep his gun dry and clean.



LIVING OFF LAND. Men pause during training to prepare a meal of hard tack, which is supplemented by edible roots found in the area. They learn how to cook dehydrated foods.



WATER OBSTACLE COURSE is crossed by coracle improvised from saplings and tent fly. Coracle will carry 12 men, and is manufactured on the spot. Butts of guns are used for paddles.



WATER-WINGS of the jungle. Soldier gives himself buoyancy by removing trousers and inflating the legs, which are securely knotted at ends to keep air from escaping. These trouser "wings," when properly inflated, will keep a non-swimmer afloat for some time.



QUICK METHOD for crossing streams. This man, unable to swim, is taught to propel himself across water obstacles with bamboo poles gripped firmly between the knees. He uses his arms to guide him to the bank, and must take care to avoid rolling over.



BEDRAGGLED but happy soldier has completed "Sneaker-stalker" course. He has crawled through mud, moved quietly, and used his weapon in unexpected situations.



OVER THE CAT-WALK. Soldiers crossing river under battle conditions, with bombs bursting in background. Soldier on the left finds the going too tough, and loses his foothold.

Pictures by Cpl. Ron Berg, A.I.F.

Have a Coca-Cola = Wacko, Digger!

(GOOD-OH, PAL!)



... or how to make a hit in Australia

When friendliness takes over, you find the spirit of co-operation, of "Let's work together for the common good." That's why it works between Australians and Americans. "Have a Coke," says the Yank, and the Aussie knows he has a comrade. From Adelaide to Altoona (U.S.A.) Coca-Cola stands for *the pause that refreshes*—has become the gesture of the friendly.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, U.S.A.

(Liability Limited)

SYDNEY

It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you have heard Coca-Cola called "Coke".



— the global
high-sign

The Singin' Diggers

NOW, I've bin nuts on poetry since I was jest a kid:

The books o' verse I've bought 'ave corst me many a 'ard earned quid.

I've read "The Man from Snowy" an' ol' "Clancy," an' the rest. An' Kendall, Lawson, Gordon. But of all of 'em the best in my 'umble estimation—you might 'ave a different pick—is a book I read by Dennis, called "The Moods of Ginger Mick."

For Mick was jest a Digger with a dial 'ard as oak. An' 'e writes 'ome to 'is cobbler—'oo's the Sentimental Bloke—An' tells 'im 'ow the Aussies sang on far Gallipoli. An' socked it into Abdul to the toon of "Nancy Lee." 'E tells 'im 'ow another mob, 'oo looked done-in for fair When they stopped a damn torpedo, sang "Australia Will Be There."

An', bein' jest an Aussie kid, I sorter felt a thrill To read such tales of glory in these notes from Mick to Bill. An' struth! I'm proud to think I 'ad a brother over there—'E couldn't sing for putty, but I bet 'e done 'is share Of serenadin' Johnny Turk, an' later on ol' Fritz, With snatches from the music 'all an' all the latest 'its.

Time mooches on. Our country now is in another blue, An' this time I'm amongst the boys, for I'm a Digger, too: I can see the same ol' spirit in the A.I.F. to-day That kept the Anzacs singin' in the thickest of the fray. They still strike up a chorus, with a disregard for toon. As their fathers an' their brothers did on Sari's sandy dune.

Their songs may be more modern an' they like a bit o' swing, But when yer come to think of it, it ain't the songs yer sing, It's 'ow yer put yer 'eart in it an' beef a chorus out Wot lets the 'ole creation know the Aussies is about. An' whether it's a love-song or a bit of red-'ot jazz, It keeps yer feelin' perky in a way that music 'as.

By Sapper
Les. Porter

They sung in front of Bardia, their spirits soarin' 'igh. "We're off to see the Wizard" an' "The Road to Gundagai."

They charged across the desert with their voices goin' strong

An' wielded bloody bay'nets to the rhythm of a song. While the tanks all danced a rumba, an' the Brens played "Tiger Rag"—

The lites thought they'd all gorn mad, an' struck their bloomin' flag.

They chucked it in by thousands, an' the boys jest roped 'em in. An' marched 'em off to compounds to the toon of "Tippy Tin": An' when they'd pass a brass 'at they would slow down to a crawl, An' serenade the blighter with a bar of "Bless 'em all"; While blokes with bandaged 'eads an' arms was trudgin' back to Base.

Singin' "Back to Yarrowonga" with a grin on every face.

From Solum to Benghazi, through the 'eat an' dust an' sand, Them Aussie voices warbled fit to beat the flamin' band. Then off to Greece they shipped 'em jest to keep a date with Fritz:

An' though they copped it solid, in the thickest of the blitz Yer'd 'ear some buddin' tenor, with 'is top notes all astray, Sing about some yeller sheila on "The Road to Mandalay."

An' later on while dodgin' flamin' paratroops in Crete, They could always raise a song when they could 'ardly raise their feet.

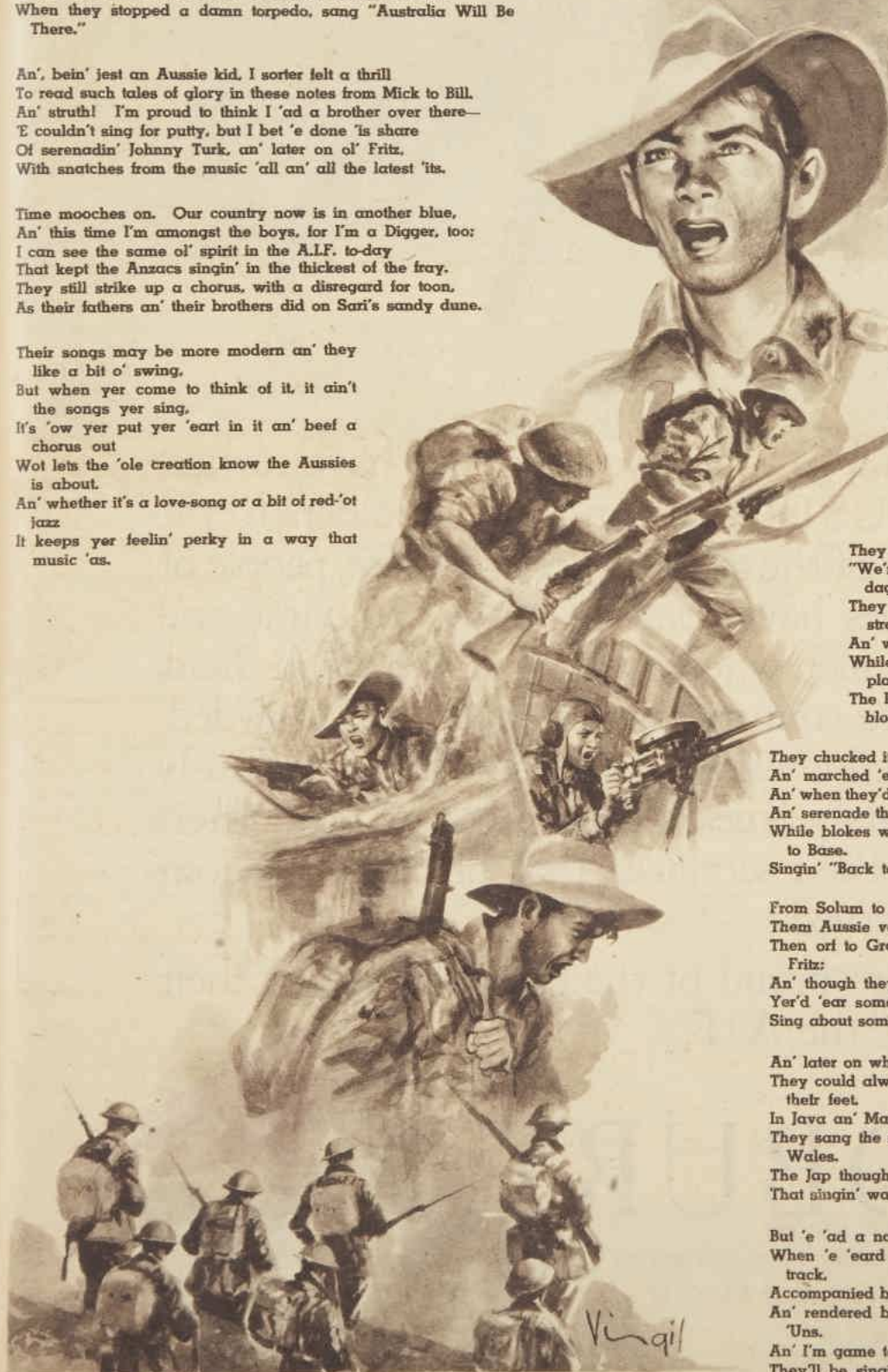
In Java an' Malaya, too, on stinkin' jungle trails, They sang the same ol' songs they'd sung in sunny New South Wales.

The Jap thought they was "troppo"—'e could never understand That singin' was a part of life in that fair Southern land.

But 'e 'ad a nasty feelin' tricklin' down 'is yeller back When 'e 'eard the same songs echo 'cross the Owen Stanley track,

Accompanied by 'and-grenades an' Bren an' Tommy-guns, An' rendered by the blokes 'oo'd learnt their job while fightin' 'Uns.

An' I'm game to take a bet that, in another year or so, They'll be singin' "Waltz Matilda" through the streets of Tokio.





THE A.I.F.... in two wars they have carried the word AUSTRALIA on their shoulders to the four corners of the globe. Through them, people of many tongues have come to know the name and the breed of men whose home it is. Through them, people whose countries are cramped and crowded, have glimpsed a vision of a golden land, fabulously vast, gloriously free. Through them, and their battles and their sacrifices, that precious freedom will be preserved.

Cadbury's are proud of the extensive use of their products by the A.I.F.

CADBURY

MAKERS OF DAIRY MILK CHOCOLATE AND ENERGY CHOCOLATE



Messages from Mr. Curtin, General Blamey



THE PRIME MINISTER OF AUSTRALIA, MR. JOHN CURTIN.



C-in-C. OF AUSTRALIAN MILITARY FORCES, GENERAL SIR THOMAS BLAMEY.

Prime Minister's pride in record of A.I.F.

THE Prime Minister, Mr. Curtin, cabled from London this tribute and pledge to the men of the A.I.F.:

“The Australian Government's pride in the reputation won by the A.I.F. has been greatly heightened by the tributes paid to them during my stay in Britain.

“What the A.I.F. did in the campaigns in the North African and European theatres has won a lasting place in the memories of the people of Britain and of all the United Nations.

“What the A.I.F. is doing now has captured the imagination of everybody, and full regard is given to the appalling conditions under which our men are fighting in the South-West Pacific area.

“I have given my pledge and I know I can speak for any Australian Government—whatever its political character—that it will be a national duty to ensure that the rehabilitation and readjustment into civil life of the men of the fighting forces is carried out promptly, efficiently, and with lasting value to themselves and the nation.”

Editorial

TRIBUTE TO THE VALOR OF THE A.I.F.

THE Australian Women's Weekly is proud to pay a special tribute to the A.I.F. We have chronicled from week to week, since the 2nd A.I.F. went into action, the gallant exploits which have made these men famous all over the world.

Now we bring together the great record of their achievements into one impressive statement.

The glorious victories that have been won in many theatres of war are set forth in the handsome maps on page 3.

The A.I.F. suffered reverses during the early period when the Empire was hastily assembling its forces for the life-and-death struggle.

These reverses form part of the narrative, too.

The articles on the Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, and Ninth Divisions portray vividly the sweat of the struggle and the growing glory of success.

As war correspondents, the authors have seen the A.I.F. in many circumstances, and have been able to form an all-round estimate of its qualities.

They know the pungent humor of the Australian soldier, as well as his high heroism.

They know his gift of comradeship, his stamina, his readiness to do or die.

They have watched him winning his laurels.

Our cover picture symbolises the dauntless spirit of the lads who are fighting for Australia.

Through every article in this issue that spirit shines gallantly forth.

Advertisers have enthusiastically co-operated with us in the spirit of the issue, and their beautiful colorgravure pages set a very high standard in this field.

The men of the A.I.F. deserve every honor that a grateful country can heap upon them.

After the war, their claims must not be forgotten amid the surge and clatter of building up a new and better world.

High praise for heroic troops by General

GENERAL Sir Thomas Blamey cabled this message to his troops:

“I am very glad indeed to have the opportunity, through the medium of this special A.I.F. issue of *The Australian Women's Weekly*, of sending greetings from London and good wishes to all the A.I.F.

“The men of the A.I.F. have built themselves a grand reputation, and one which rings proudly throughout the world: a reputation as hard, relentless, and courageous fighters, over many and diversified campaigns, which would be difficult to equal.

“The A.I.F. is trained for any type of warfare it is likely to encounter, and waits preparedly and confidently for the time—not so far distant now—when the final blows will be struck at our barbarian enemy.

“When peace is won, and we return once again to the way of life for which we have been fighting, the men of the A.I.F. may look back with pride and the sense of a job well done on its record of achievements in this most terrible of all wars.

“But there is still a great deal to be done before our enemy is brought to his knees. So it is—on with the job and the A.I.F. will be there.”



The SIXTH DIVISION

By REG. GLENNIE

Who sailed as a war correspondent with the first contingent of the Sixth Division. He served for four years in the last war.

IT was a day in mid-January, 1940. Down in the Bight, 12 troopships — 235,000 tons of British merchant shipping—carrying Australian and New Zealand troops were nosing their way through a gentle ground swell, bound for the Middle East.

The Australians, except for a few corps troops, comprised the first contingent of the Sixth Australian Division.

Only four months earlier war had come. Without waiting to question, caring only that the British Empire was involved, 20,000 Australian men had rushed the recruiting depots.

Now they were on their way. For me it was the beginning of two years with the A.I.F., most of it with the Sixth Division.

Disembarkation. It was 9 a.m. as troops and nurses went ashore off the ship on to Kantara station, and that night we had all settled under canvas in the heart of South Palestine.

In the next ten months more contingents followed, and on the undulating Palestinian plains, Lieut. General Sir Iven Mackay, then Major-General, watched his men being transformed from semi-trained units into a cohesive fighting division.

To many, the weeks of training became irksome. I often heard men cursing their officers' insistence on the smart handling of a weapon.

I have often heard them since say they were glad they'd been trained the hard way.

And in August, 1940, the Sixth Divvy went to Egypt to continue its training at Helwan, a few miles outside Cairo. From there it moved on to Amariya, outside Alexandria. Graziani had moved into Egypt and his forces were sitting along a line running south-west from Sidi Barrani.

In November, General Wavell decided to strike.

English, Scottish, and Indian regiments drew the first blood and the lilies whose who had not died

or surrendered, had made a "strategic retreat" into Libya.

On December 17, as I was returning from the front to Cairo, I passed the Sixth Division at dusk moving up towards Fort Capuzzo. Brigadier A. S. (Tubby) Allen's Brigade was dispersing its transport and digging in for the night on a ridge between Sidi Barrani and Bu Bug.

Battle of Bardia, January 5, 1941. Zero hour 5.30 a.m. The guns opened up. Behind the barrage sappers moved in to cut the wire with Bangalore torpedoes. Machine-guns and infantrymen covered them as they worked. Tearing down the sides of the deep tank-trap the sappers built a crossing for the British tanks, which rumbled through and deployed to either flank inside the Italian defences.

Following the tanks came waves of Australian infantrymen, singing "The Wizard of Oz" and "Roll Out the Barrel."

In a few hours the heat of the battle was over and thousands of Italians were "in the bag."

Outside Tobruk, January 22: It was about 1 a.m. as the first wave of Blenheims of an R.A.F. squadron purred overhead toward the town. Two miles outside the perimeter I had a dress-circle seat.

The Battle of Bardia had lasted almost two days. The Battle of Tobruk lasted 29 hours. In that time, over 30,000 prisoners surrendered to the Sixth Division.

"Our gallant troops were hopelessly outnumbered by more than eight divisions of wild Australian savages," said Rome radio.

Benghazi

BENGHAZI, February 7: The Sixth Divvy's westward dash came to an end with the surrender of the town of Benghazi.

The defeat of Bergonzoli's army was meanwhile being completed about 90 miles south of Benghazi, where elements of the 7th British Armored Division had cut off a force of 25,000 Italians.

The 7th Armored Division had played an enormous part in the series of Australian victories. Its outflanking of the enemy at Bardia and Tobruk and its quick dash across the desert through Mekeel, were the foundations of General Wavell's victory.

In the weeks that followed, the Sixth rested and garrisoned Benghazi until news came of the threatened German invasion of Greece.

Yugoslavia had caved in and news

was filtering through of the massing of huge German forces along the Greek border. Our men knew it was going to be tough.

How tough it was and how gloriously the Division conducted itself in defeat is now history. In a few weeks after their arrival in Greece, Australian and other British troops were in death-grips with the German Army in the rain-drenched Greek highlands.

On the Australians' right flank was the New Zealand Division that had sailed to the Middle East with them. The Anzacs were together again and the second chapter of Anzacs in battle was about to be written.

I saw none of the fighting in Greece. I saw one brigade after it took up its first position north of Ellason, and on my first trip back to Athens I was assigned to cover the Ninth Division in Tobruk.

I quote the words of an Australian brigadier whom I met in Cairo after the evacuation:

"The Jerries came through en masse and our artillery gave them hell. I saw a thousand at a time disappear and more thousands came on to meet the same fate."

"At a dump south of Ellason, our gunners found 10,000 rounds of ammo. They fired every round, causing a holocaust among the enemy, but still they came on."

"There was no panic and no disorder in our retreat."

For sheer heroism, the men who fought and died in Greece were equalled only by their comrades who, having weathered the evacuation, were put down by the ships on Crete, where they were doomed to fight another bitter and costly campaign.

Since then the Sixth Division, like other Australian and Allied divisions in every theatre of war, has watched the growth of Allied air power change the balance of the scales of war in our favor.

A Sixth Division brigade played a big part in the defeat of the Japanese force which tried to establish itself at Milne Bay.

EMBARKATION. Men of the Sixth Division were the first soldiers to sail for overseas. Few of us can forget the poignancy of those first farewells.

After Greece and Crete, the remnant of the Sixth went back to Palestine, where it was reorganised and received reinforcements. Elements of the Division came under command of Seventh Division, and fought in Syria.

Japan came in, and the Sixth was the first of the A.I.F. divisions to be recalled for the defence of Australia.

Until recently, the Division had been split up and its brigades served in a number of different war zones in the Pacific.

Up in Darwin, one brigade, with other divisional troops, waited in vain for long, boring months for the threatened Japanese invasion. Other brigades, supported by divisional artillery regiments, were sent to New Guinea.

In the Owen Stanley campaign, one brigade contributed a magnificent part in pushing the Japanese back across the range.

Of the conditions in which the brigade had to fight on the Kokoda Trail no better description has been written than that contained in a letter by one of the men who took part in it:

Physical nightmare

THE trip is a physical nightmare. You spend hours climbing 2000 feet painfully, step by step, with your heart pounding.

"You have to rest every 100 feet. When you get to the top you immediately start to descend 2000 feet. You get 'laughing knees,' but your prospect in front of you prevents you from falling headlong.

"After eight hours, you have moved two miles onward, but you have walked eight or ten. The planes overhead do in 15 minutes what it takes us five days to do on land."

A Sixth Division brigade played a big part in the defeat of the Japanese force which tried to establish itself at Milne Bay.

This was the first time that the

Japanese had been turned back in the South-west Pacific.

Of the Sixth Division's contributions to the final victories in New Guinea, perhaps the most spectacular part was played by the 17th Brigade in the Battle of Wau.

In their victory over the Japanese at Wau, the Brigade was supported by the 25th and 27th Independent (Commando) Companies.

In anticipation of Japanese attempts to seize this strategic airfield, advance elements of the Brigade were flown into Wau from Moresby about mid-January, 1942.

On January 17, Brigadier Mott, the Brigade's commander, arrived by air to take command of the Wau force. On the trails leading into Wau, the Japs were infiltrating.

To Captain W. Sherlock, in command of "A" Company, 26th Battalion, holding a position at Wandum, athwart one of the main trails leading to Wau, the situation was clear. The enemy must be held until further reinforcements could be flown into Wau from Moresby. It was January 27.

In the fight that ensued at Wandum, Sherlock died. But in the 48 hours that it lasted several hundred Japs were killed and valuable time was given to the Wau garrison.

On January 29, the drone of big transport planes could be heard. Coming in low, right over the heads of the Japanese troops who were closing in on the airfield, the big Douglas made perfect landings.

Alighting from the planes the fresh reinforcements of 17th Brigade men went immediately into action. It had been touch and go.

So close were the Japs to gaining their objective, that one of our men was killed by rifle fire as he stepped from a plane. Some went back to Moresby as casualties in the same planes which had brought them to Wau.

By February 3 the Battle of Wau was won, and the counter move, first of a series of brilliant combined operations which culminated in the fall of Lae and Salamaua, had begun.

I have been with the Sixth, Seventh and Ninth Divisions in action. My great regret is that I could not be with them in New Guinea. To have lived with them was an honor. To have had the opportunity of recording some of their exploits was a privilege. To do them justice would take many volumes, and then it would be impossible.



EMBARKATION. Men of the Sixth Division were the first soldiers to sail for overseas. Few of us can forget the poignancy of those first farewells.





SYRIA. Troops move stealthily along an exposed scarp prior to an attack. The Seventh won its spurs in the five weeks' Syrian campaign.



KALAPIT. Planes brought Seventh Division troops to this airstrip after its capture by an independent company. The Seventh, not long before, had made history when, flown into Nadzab, they became the Empire's first airborne division.

The SEVENTH

By TOM FAIRHALL

Who was a war correspondent in Malaya, Java, and New Guinea. He was wounded when a medical dressing station was bombed at Soputa.

FEW men of the A.I.F. have seen more active warfare than the men of the Seventh Division.

Their battle honors include such famed names as Syria, Kokoda Trail, Sanananda, Gona, Lae, the Markham and Ramu Valleys, the Finisterres, Kalapit, and Bogadjim.

Shaggy Ridge, Guy's Post, and Beveridge Post were all named after Seventh Division officers and men. Shaggy Ridge, a name which so aptly fits the crazy-ridge area of the Finisterres in which it is situated, was so called because of the exploits there of a force led by Lieutenant Clappett, whose nickname was "Shaggy."

The Division went abroad in 1940, and won its spurs in Syria in a bitter five weeks' campaign against the Vichy French.

The Seventh returned home in Australia's grimmest hour. Singapore, Borneo, Sumatra, Java, and Rabaul had fallen to the Japanese.

Seventh Division troops were rushed to Papua and across the Owen Stanley Range to support other A.I.F. troops and militia who were trying to stem the new Japanese drive inland from Buna and Gona.

They were outnumbered and outgunned.

They didn't then have the green jungle uniforms now worn by soldiers serving in tropical zones.

Enemy strength was estimated to be 12 times that of the Australians. As they withdrew they took heavy toll of the Japanese.

The result was that when the Japanese reached Ioribaiwa Ridge, only 20-odd air-miles from Moresby, they were a spent force.

How well these Australian troops fought was plain to other Australians who later recrossed the Owen Stanley.

In one jungle clearing they found the bodies of three Australians still lying in the gunposts where they died. In death they were still clutching their Bren guns. Not one had a round of ammunition left in his magazine.

In the jungle nearby were the bodies of many dead Japanese.

With other Australian correspondents, I watched the opening of the second phase of the Papuan campaign on that September day when three columns of a famous Seventh Division brigade closed in on the Japanese fortifications at Ioribaiwa.

This was the beginning of a four months' campaign which ended when the last Japanese pillbox was cleared at Buna in January, 1943.

Fighting alongside a famous Sixth Division brigade these men pushed back the Japanese across the Owen Stanley.

Most men of the Seventh will tell you that the Kokoda Trail was the toughest battle in its history.

Every step of the way across the ranges had been either uphill or downhill in a world of valleys and ridges of unbelievable gradients.

In six weeks many of them had not had a hot meal. They had lived on cold bully-beef and emergency rations. They slept in their wet clothes on ground-sheets which some had cut in half to reduce weight.

These Seventh Division troops next went into action at Gorari, on the Kokoda-Buna road, where they inflicted the heaviest defeat the Japanese had suffered in New Guinea at that time.

As a result of their defeat at Gorari, the Japanese were not met again in force until our troops reached the coast road from Soputa to Sanananda and at Gona.

Attack on Gona

IN their first attack on Gona, Seventh Division troops occupied the village, but were forced to withdraw through lack of ammunition and rations. The village was not recaptured for several weeks, in a bloody action, costly to the Japs.

A cavalry regiment of the Division went into action as infantry at Sanananda after they had despaired of ever playing their proper role in the war.

Some in the unit had been prepared to bet odds-on that they would never see action, for they had been sent to Cyprus after the Germans took Crete, but nothing happened, and they missed out on the Syrian campaign.

They were all set for action in Java, but were too late.

When they were sent to New Guinea, they were told their job would be to garrison Moresby.

They got their chance in December, 1942, when their task was to clear the Sanananda Trail.

Some of their men were pinned down for seven days in a drain at the side of the trail. They

escaped by digging a trench away from the drain into the undergrowth, where they escaped at night under the noses of the Japanese.

It was near this trench that Captain Cobb, mortally wounded, used his failing strength to bury a haversack containing official documents and photographs.

The buried haversack was unearthed by rain and located after the Japanese had been driven from the area.

Close to Cobb's body were three Japs he had killed with a hand-grenade. A fourth dead Jap lay alongside him.

After the fall of Buna, when the Seventh were flown to Nadzab for the advance on Lae, they became Australia's first airborne division.

Lae fell eleven days later to the Seventh, which beat the Ninth Division there by two hours.

The Seventh's next objective was Bogadjim, reached after a wide movement up the Markham and Ramu Valleys. At Kalapit, a large force of Japs was scattered by an independent company after bitter fighting.

The speed of the enemy retreat back to Dumpu was an all-time high for the Pacific war. For 100 miles the Australians chased them, encountering only pockets of resistance which they quickly overcame.

The campaign on the saw-toothed ridges of the Finisterres is recent history.

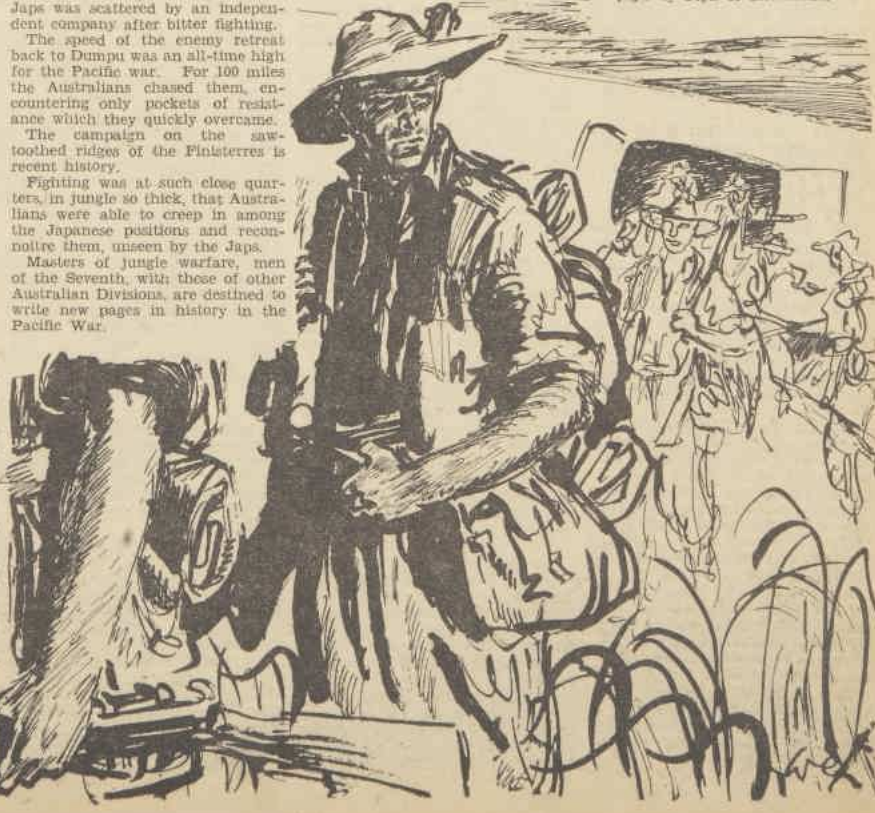
Fighting was at such close quarters, in jungle so thick, that Australians were able to creep in among the Japanese positions and reconnoitre them, unseen by the Japs.

Masters of jungle warfare, men of the Seventh, with those of other Australian Divisions, are destined to write new pages in history in the Pacific War.



MUD in the Finisterres. After a 5000-foot climb the troops found the mud just as deep as on the lower slopes.

—Pictures on three Divisional History pages by Dept. of Information.





HEROIC ATTEMPTS to stem the Japanese invaders were made by troops in Malaya. These A.I.F. anti-tank gunners put some Jap tanks out of action in the early days of the campaign.



The EIGHTH

By GILBERT MANT

Author of "Grim Glory," who served for 14 months with the Eighth Division in Malaya, and was later a war correspondent there.

THE other day a short cable from London told of the escape of a prisoner from Singapore. Probably for security reasons much of the prisoner's story from Malaya will not see the light of day until after the war.

But he did bear tidings of some of the men of the Eighth Division, of whom there has been such meagre news since February 15, 1942, when Singapore fell.

The escaped prisoner said that A.I.F. troops were still fighting a guerrilla war against the Japanese in Malaya. His story would seem to confirm earlier reports to the same effect from Chungking, carried there by Chinese escapees.

The Eighth fights on!

One can imagine small bands of them hidden in the dense jungles of Johore, or farther north in the mountains where the swift streams tumble down to the swamps and rivers.

Deep in the jungles they may be fraternising with Malaya's strangest race, the shy, semi-pigmy Sakis, who are seldom seen by white men.

One can picture the Australians, raggedly dressed and browned to the color of Malaya, staging sudden attacks and ambushes on Japanese outposts in company with escaped Britishers, Indians, and Chinese.

But one can only guess all this; we will not know for certain until the liberating Allied armies storm on to the peninsula that holds the secret of so much of Australia's finest manhood.

The Eighth Division was self-contained and commanded by a realistic and courageous Australian, Lieutenant-General (then Major-General) Gordon Bennett.

The infantry, including the whole of one brigade, was prepon-

derantly from New South Wales, but men from every State in Australia and from New Guinea were in the division.

One battalion, for instance, came from Victoria, and a Machine-gun Battalion from Western Australia.

The first convoy, from the decks of the transport, saw the great Singapore Naval Base on a rain-drenched day in February, 1941. They had trained in Australia for eight months; for so long that they cynically called themselves "the I.A.F. (In Australia Forever)."

They were in high spirits; they threw down hot pennies to the scarlet-capped generals and high civil officials who welcomed them.

The joke was forgiven because the officials had been warned that Australians were unorthodox in that respect. And anyway, Malaya was genuinely glad to see them because relations with Japan were strained.

Desperate battle

EXACTLY a year later they were fighting their last desperate battle on that same doomed island. They fought it knowing that there was no escape; none whatever.

There was only the sea at their backs, and no chance of a Dunkirk armada of rescuing ships living while the skies were so black with Japanese aircraft.

They could only fight until the ammunition, the water, the food, gave out. Only fight until it was senseless to allow the wholesale slaughter of civilians in defenceless Singapore city to continue.

But during the brief weeks that they had been pitted against the Japanese, they had shown what other A.I.F. divisions were later to confirm in New Guinea—that man for man, the Australian was a better fighter than his Eastern adversary.

That in the final analysis they, with the British and Indian troops, suffered a humiliating defeat could not be attributed to lack of human courage. They were defeated by lack of material support, especially aeroplanes. Every time

they met the Japanese hand-to-hand they hurled him back.

Over and over again soldiers will speak in the future of Parit Sulong as they speak of Rorke's Drift.

They'll talk of the desperate plight of men of the battalion at Muar River after they had flung back the 1st Japanese Imperial Guards Division, and the dramatic dash across the peninsula of another battalion in an attempt to save them from annihilation.

They'll recall the linking of the two battalions, and a field regiment under Lieutenant-Colonel C. G. W. Anderson, and the astonishing five-day battle along the road to the bridge at Parit Sulong. Less than 1000 Australians now against 15,000 of Japan's crack storm troops.

But the Japanese could not break them.

The orderly remnants of the two battalions fought through to reform again and fight the last battle on Singapore Island. No man of them begrudged Anderson his Victoria Cross, because it was theirs as well.

The stunning defeat of the Japanese at Gemas was the first clash in history between Australians and Japanese. A perfectly planned ambush that wiped out the equivalent of a Japanese battalion and eight tanks.

On the east coast two of our battalions felt "out of it." They guarded the fine defences round Mersing, but finally had to abandon them when the order to withdraw to "the island" was given.

They did not leave without giving the Japanese a taste of their fighting qualities. One of them had

some notable patrol clashes with the enemy.

Then, when the enemy landed in strength at Endau, another ambush was planned and executed by a battalion supported by gunners of a field regiment.

Near Jemaluang they enticed a Japanese regiment into a trap on the road and mauled it severely.

Other units were all in the fight, but their full stories cannot be told until after the war because so many records were lost or destroyed. The transport drivers were sometimes asleep at the wheel from sheer exhaustion as the convoys wound night and day like a snake along the roads that led back and back toward Singapore.

One transport unit was in the thick of the battle from the very beginning, and went down the whole length of the peninsula from the borders of Thailand to Singapore Island with the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

Commando exploit

ALL these will be talked of—and more.

The A.I.F. commandos who went out silently by night, and whose first exploit resulted in the destruction of a Japanese brigade headquarters.

The Australian Army nurses who stuck grimly and cheerfully to their jobs at the height of the Japanese aerial blitz.

Nearly all of them were undergoing their baptism of fire, and emerged from it a credit to their noble profession. Some of these girls performed acts of outstanding bravery on the evacuation ships from Singapore.



SMOKE PALL OVER SINGAPORE from bomb fires at Kalang aerodrome. The fall of Singapore and the bitter, hopeless struggle of the Eighth, are etched grimly on the memories of their fellow Australians.

It was only during the final battle that all the units that comprised the Eighth Division in Malaya fought back-to-back together in a perimeter near the burning city of Singapore.

Every man who could fire a rifle, including non-combatant troops, was flung into the fight to make up the A.I.F.'s depleted numbers. And there the end came.

Whenever I think back to Malaya I think of a day at Yong Peng when the first survivors of the Parit Sulong struggle staggered into General Bennett's headquarters.

They were haggard, bearded, and gaunt, and their feet were in a shocking condition.

They were utterly exhausted, and sitting slumped on stretchers while the orderlies removed their boots.

But they could still raise a grin, and when we asked them what they wanted to do next, one of them replied: "We want to get back to our battalion and have another go at those —!"

These were men of the Eighth Division who wait now for release, some in Japanese prison camps, some fighting on in the jungles and mountains of Malaya.

On Anzac Day a poignant handful of men marched through the streets of Sydney behind a banner carrying the word "Malaya." Let us hope that next Anzac Day the men who march behind that grim but glorious inscription will number thousands.

The NINTH



SATELBERG. Australian troops advancing in the wake of Matilda tanks for a dawn attack on Sateberg.

By ALAN HULLS

Who was a gunner with the Ninth Division in the Middle East, and subsequently, as a war correspondent, covered its New Guinea campaign.

IN the "good-natured inter-division banter the Ninth are sometimes referred to as "sand-happy," meaning that they haven't yet thrown off the Middle East influence.

Perhaps it is justified to a certain extent. It was always an odds-on bet that the groups clustered to pass the boring night hours during the recent Huon Gulf campaign, where no light could be shown, were talking of the M.E.

Not so much of the fighting, because battle veterans rarely speak of action other than to recall humorous incidents, but of pleasant days spent in Alexandria, Cairo, Tel Aviv, Haifa, Beirut, Tripoli, and other towns. Of superb meals, even if outrageously expensive, at every town from Alex to Tripoli. Of convivial gatherings over Australian beer at Tel Aviv, the Fast Hotel at Jerusalem, at the Haifa Club.

The grimness of Tobruk and Alamein fighting, the boredom of Palestine and Syrian training camps have faded into the background. But their minds go back to the good days—and there were good days—in the life of a soldier in the M.E.

It is a natural enough form of nostalgia against the background of New Guinea conditions.

But the "sand-happy" Ninth have adapted themselves to the jungle with the versatility of the A.I.F. soldier, and have cheerfully accepted its new and increased discomforts as part of the unpleasant job they volunteered to do, many of them more than four years ago.

In their first six months of jungle fighting they have done a magnificent job that started with the seaborne landing at Lae, a campaign that included a second and more bloody landing at Finschhafen and a period of bitter fighting against a numerically superior enemy, a job made more difficult by an acute supply problem.

The Ninth learned their jungle fighting in Northern Australia. It was based largely on the experience of the grand Seventh Division, who had learned largely the hard way—in action.

The Ninth completed their education in the same manner—they made the first A.I.F. seaborne landing.

In the knee-deep mud of Lae, in the thick jungle, and on the steep slopes of the mountains rising sharply behind the Finschhafen area they developed into just as efficient a fighting machine in the jungle as they had proved themselves in the desert.

There could be no greater praise. They became experts quickly because they were already battle experienced—they had campaigns in Libya, Tobruk, and Alamein behind them.

They were superbly disciplined, and their spirit enabled them to overcome physical hardship, nervous strain, and disease, and still retain the will to fight, whatever the position.

It is libellous fiction that the A.I.F. soldier is undisciplined. On the contrary, he is the most disciplined of soldiers, and it is the discipline that shows itself most strikingly in steadiness under fire and in complete acceptance of a leader's orders.

Magnificent spirit

BUT it is spirit that really lifts A.I.F. divisions into the highest class. The spirit that keeps men fighting long after their physical reserves are expended, keeps them fighting despite wounds or sickness, makes them perform deeds of strength and self-sacrifice almost beyond understanding.

There are examples of it one will not easily forget.

A vivid scene comes to mind from the final Alamein battle. It was on the fifth or sixth night, when the battle was very much in the balance.

A grievously depleted A.I.F. battalion was at the start line ready to have another "crack" at German strongpoints that had thrown them back several times. Included in that battered band who walked into an area of bursting shells, criss-crossed by the tracers of machine-guns, were men with wounds bandaged.

They limped in with their mates—they had refused to be evacuated. One struck similar and equally as inspiring cases in the Huon campaign.

Perhaps the most vivid memories of the Huon campaign are associated with the Sateberg track, a steep, narrow roadway leading to the mission station, 3000 feet up, and hinge of the Jap mountain defences.

On it, or rather in the growth bordering it, were fought two bitter battles, those of the Jiveveng block and later the major tank-supported drive against Sateberg itself.

A lot of Australians died on this track. A V.C. and a crop of other decorations were won on it.

Road parties, including engineers and the ubiquitous pioneers, slaved many weary hours keeping it open in all sorts of weather, conducing the surface by cutting timber and dragging it from the gullies solely by manpower.

One will always remember men of a famous N.S.W. battalion coming down the track, after three wet, weary weeks of hand-to-hand fighting with the Japs.

Battle-drunk

THEY were coming out for a sorely needed spell. They were filthy, red-eyed and almost all-in. Some were wounded, others had malaria.

As they slid and slipped under the weight of equipment one said: "There probably wouldn't be any cypresses at the Hotel Australia, anyway."

A few days later a lot of those men were in hospital with dengue and malaria. They had defied Nature while in action, but without that stimulus went down to disease.

Possibly the highest manifestation of the A.I.F. spirit is shown in the determination of men to get their wounded or killed mates in as soon as possible whatever the position, a fact that the Jap soon realised and played on.

But that didn't stop them.

In the final attack on the Finschhafen area, where casualties were heavy, one infantryman recovered nine wounded and carried each up a steep and slippery slope, a feat of endurance and strength that caused his C.O. to comment: "Only a battle-drunk Australian could have done that."

The explanation of Tom Derrick, Sateberg V.C., reveals the spirit simply and vividly. Questioned on his decision to make his seemingly impossible attack after being ordered to withdraw he said: "I thought we could do it and the boys wanted to have a go."

Those are the qualities that make the greatness of the A.I.F. and which caused Major-Gen. Lethbridge, British Military Mission leader, to pay the simple but magnificent tribute after watching them in action in New Guinea: "It would be an impertinence for me to praise the A.I.F. infantryman. He is beyond praise."

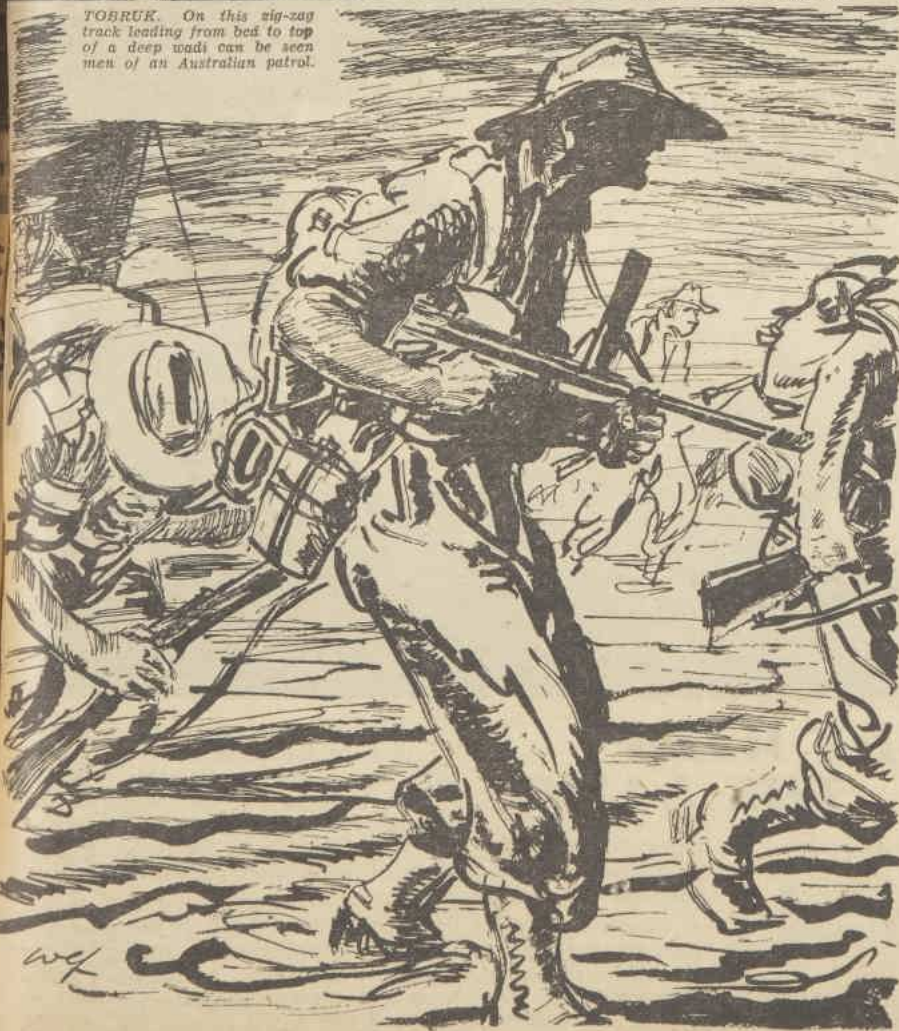
And the infantryman, though by far the hardest worked of all, typifies the A.I.F. spirit in its highest form.

This story was intended to be about the Ninth, but it is impossible to separate the fighting divisions, nor would they want it.

Like the others the sand-happy Ninth will continue to "soldier on" wherever they may be sent, as they have done for four years.

The ranks of originals, particularly in the infantry battalions, have been thinned considerably, but the spirit and tradition is being carried on by the men who replace them.

TOBRUK. On this zig-zag track leading from bed to top of a deep wadi can be seen men of an Australian patrol.



Devoted nursing saves thousands of lives



INHERITING the great tradition of the original lady with the lamp, members of the Australian Army Nursing Service and the Australian Army Medical Women's Service have given devoted care to the sick and wounded of the A.I.F. in this war.

This fine picture, symbolic of their magnificent, untiring service, was taken by our cameraman, Jack Hickson, in an Army hospital under canvas. It shows Sister Alice McNicol, of Melbourne, on duty with her lamp.

In January, 1940, the first Australian General Hospital embarked with 50 nurses, who went to Gaza Ridge. Since

LADY WITH THE LAMP

then Australian nurses have shared with the men of the A.I.F. all the horrors and risks of war — air raids in many places; heat, sand, and flies in the deserts of Egypt, Libya, and Syria; the horror of evacuation from Greece and Crete, the tragic disaster of Singapore, the discomforts of living under canvas in Northern Australia and New Guinea.

Doctors at Milne Bay worked ceaselessly in the mud and slush earning the tribute, "God's own heroes," a fitting one for all medical personnel. All Australian Army nurses have risked their lives and some have lost them. Nurses are held as prisoners of war and some are still listed among the missing.



SOLDIER FOOTBALLERS. Australian soldiers play hard as well as fight hard. These four members of a battalion league team are eating lemons at half-time. They are Cpl. Jack O'Connor (Kyogle, N.S.W.); Pte. Cecil Creswick, Rooty Hill (N.S.W.); Cpl. Harry Bathgate (Maclean, N.S.W.); and Pte. Jack Wakeman (Cessnock, N.S.W.).

"THIRTY-NINERS" tell their own stories

Choose their biggest adventures from memories of war years

Four veterans of this war tell, in their own words, the story of the experience that stands out most in each of their memories through all the years of war.

All these men are "Thirty-niners," the name given to veterans such as these who enlisted in 1939.

THESE four men—W/O.2 Jock Sym, M.B.E., Private Sid Joiner, W/O.2 Reuben Coffey, and W/O.1 Stuart Jenner—are members of a battalion which has fought in Libya, Greece, Crete, Wau, and Salamaua, and has won three D.S.O.'s, four M.C.'s, eight M.M.'s, one D.C.M., and two M.B.E.'s.

The men have lost count of the number of hats, pairs of boots, and identity discs they have worn out.

Two still have the watches they joined up with. W/O. Sym has a photo of a girl friend which he took away with him. It was lost in Wau and found on a Japanese prisoner.

W/O. Sym and W/O. Jenner were rival building contractors at Mildura before the war. W/O. Jenner has been wounded twice and in hospital eight other times.

W/O.2 Sym is a Scotswoman, who arrived in Australia 18 years ago. He won the M.B.E. on Bobdubi Ridge, where he took command of the platoon when the commander was wounded. W/O. Sym was wounded at Salamaua.

Private Sid Joiner was a fisherman on the Snowy River before the war, and W/O. Coffey was a french polisher. He is an Australian Rules football player.

As told by
W/O.1 STUART JENNER

"I WAS one of many injured in the Crete show. I was taken off at 2 a.m. by that gallant, well-known Aussie ship, H.M.A.S. Perth. We crowded below decks, most of the lads suffering from injuries plus the nervous strain they had been through in the past six weeks.

"Everyone was more or less happy, as a spell and rest seemed to be on tap; but the Hun was not finished with us.

"As soon as it became light he came over with Stuka and tried to put the convoy under the drink.

"Portion of the ship I was in was

crowded with between 30 and 40 men. When the alert sounded our orders were to close portholes, no smoking, and to lie on the floor.

"Well, words cannot describe the helpless feeling of just lying there like rats in a trap, while someone heaves 500-pound bombs at you.

"They succeeded in putting one down through the deck and it exploded in the engine-room; but, luckily, did not set fire to the ship.

"I was pleased to step ashore among friends, and hope never to experience again the same helpless feeling as I did that day. I have never had the same strain in operations since.

"The Crete unit fought a very gallant fight. Only those who were there will ever know what it was like. It does make one proud to be a member of the formation wearing the old 'mud and blood' color-patch, which has always upheld the traditions handed on by the first A.I.F."

As told by
W/O.2 JOCK SYM, M.B.E.

"THE episode that impressed me most, and was also the grimmest I have been in during the war, occurred in the Mubo campaign, when the 17th Brigade fought the battle of the ridges, in country which, for sheer depressing hellishness, has no equal.

"We were on Lababia Ridge, nearly 4000 feet above sea-level, covered with the densest jungle.

"Tiger country, we called it, why I don't know, as tigers are too cissy to be found there. The vegetation towered 300 feet, blotting out the sun. We moved like animals in tunnels in the undergrowth.

"We were 68 strong, in a position only 300 yards from a strong Japanese position, and two hours from our nearest support.

"Really no one was surprised when we discovered the Japanese had surrounded us, and cut our lines of communication. A full enemy battalion had been given the job of wiping us out.



PRIVATE SID JOINER



W/O.2 REUBEN COFFEY



W/O.2 JOCK SYM, M.B.E.

"For four days and three nights the Nips attempted to overrun us. The Japs screamed and shouted insults every time they attacked; but our little band were all veterans, who could not be shaken by that sort of thing. The fact that it rained practically all the time passed almost unnoticed.

"Owing to dense jungle the Japs could approach within 25 yards, unseen, and from this distance they launched 25 savage attacks; but the defenders didn't give way an inch, and broke each attack almost on the edge of our mudholes.

"On the fourth day firing ceased. Half an hour later our D Company moved down into our position.

"The Nips had had enough. There were 63 dead Japs round our position. Our losses were comparatively light—three killed and 14 wounded.

"Some of our men were so cramped from lying in one position that it was quite a time before they could stand. Many of them poured precious water from their water-bottles into their eyes to keep themselves awake."

As told by
W/O.2 REUBEN COFFEY

"AFTER nearly five years with the unit it is hard to single out any one incident; but a start must be made somewhere, so here goes.

"My worst experience was the day I stood on the beach at Sphakia, Crete, watching the last evacuation ships pulling out.

"Our gallant little C.O., Lieut.-Colonel Walker, D.S.O., called us together, explained the position, and thanked us wholeheartedly for the

fine job done and the spirit in which we had taken the last reverse.

"Every man who could drag one leg after the other took to the hills. The bulk, including myself, were eventually rounded up and sent to a prisoners' compound, from which I later escaped.

"After roaming the island for several months I was fortunate enough to contact a small boat, which took several of us back to Alexandria and safety.

"That day was my happiest experience over there. We were given a royal time, and what was more to the point, we were able to contact our folks at home, who had been having a trying time during our absence."

As told by
PRIVATE SID JOINER

"WHEN my unit arrived on the beach at Crete the Royal Navy was evacuating troops. Tired and hungry we all were; but morale was extra good.

"We lined up in formation for embarking; but Pate was against us. Word came back that no more could be taken off. From then on we would be a lost legion.

"Four of us decided to break for the hills. We had a little Greek money; but could not speak the language at all.

"After three days' travelling over rugged country we discovered some shepherds. One of our party, rather clever with his pencil, drew sketches of the killing and cooking of sheep. It caught on O.K. Tea that night was beautiful lamb—the best meal I have ever eaten.



W/O.1 STUART JENNER

"We crossed the highest mountain, spending two nights above the snowline.

"If there are any colder places, I don't want to sample them.

"We met two young Cretan officers, who took to us right away. We were sort of adopted by their families, and settled down to learn their lingo.

"After four months of this perfect life we caught the wanderlust and decided to see a little more of the country.

"After a couple of months we found out how we could escape.

"We started for Egypt. I determined that if we lived through the war years ahead, we would return to Crete to see the friends who helped us."

IT'S TRAINING MAKES A TOUGH FIGHTER

Bivouacs, boxing, and botany among the troops in widely scattered camps

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH

Everywhere in Australia and New Guinea men are still training, for, veteran or recruit, the Australian soldier never ceases to learn new moves in the art of war.

I have just visited one of the loveliest areas of this country where there are men who have still to fight their first action and with them veterans of campaigns who translate all their earlier experience into lectures and realistic demonstrations.

WHEN it is considered that for four and a half years their daily life was based on putting this training into practice; that in this time they have lived with little comfort, with only the barest necessities of life, have lost close comrades, and spent most of that time thousands of miles from their homes and people, their interest and enthusiasm are awe-inspiring.

I have watched Australian soldiers grenade-throwing in a leafy gully,

bridging a river, scaling rough-hewn assault hazards, and capturing "Japs" among tall gumtrees, flinging each other into brown dust in unarmed combat, and staging bivouacs in what is called with mock heroics "this green hell" or the "Botanical Gardens."

Bivouacs at this training centre are held sometimes for weeks in succession.

The troops go out for six days at a time, travelling with full packs and sleeping on ground-sheets in the jungled hills.

They live on hard rations and engage in realistic battles which end in a seventeen miles or more hike back to camp.

Which means that your particular soldier here may sleep in his blanket and sapling bed in camp, and have a hot meal, only five times in five weeks.

Lots of explosions were going on in the gully below one camp, where I found three sentries posted among the trees. Farther down the slope were four trenches hollowed out of red clay, for grenade-throwing training.

The target was a stump hole 30 yards lower down the gully.

The grace and skill of the grenade-throwers in action was beautiful to watch.

At the cavalry commando unit we were given a running commentary on unarmed combat by a young captain who recently did a special five weeks' training course.

The group, stripped to the waist, flung each other around in what seemed a combination of wrestling, jiu-jitsu, and tumbling.

Their hair was red with dust and their sweating backs and chests plastered in dirt—if only their mothers could see them now!

Over the hill troops demonstrated the capturing of prisoners.

A small patrol came along the track, met a "Jap" with his arm in a sling, and disarmed him.

While they were examining his

ride, the "Jap" flung a grenade from the sling and disappeared behind a tree. Result: "Wounded" and confused Australians.

The group then demonstrated the right way. The "Jap" should have been searched minutely immediately.

Some of the men show considerable acting ability, and the results are eerie and dramatic.

Other troops were toughening up in the assault course, which now is a more exciting substitute for daily physical training.

More explosions lured us over another hill to where troops were firing Owen guns at thirty yards range.

The technical explanation was "thirty rounds, firing five rounds, and the single shot, five bursts of five." All that meant to the uninitiated was a terrifying, ear-splitting din.

"You ought to see how they cut swathes in kumai," said one Army spectator.

"The little Jappies don't like it at all."

In one area I saw troops practising river crossing.

The troops were hidden in the grass of the high banks of a deep creek. Pioneers set the stage with glistening booby traps and landmines.

Loud barracking

SCOUTS crossed the stream, scoured the terrain on the opposite bank, then gave the okay for crossing.

While landmines and booby traps exploded, the men crossed on improvised rafts, with the non-swimmers on bamboo poles.

The inevitable couple of dogs added a homely touch to the warlike atmosphere.

A raft party of four sank in mid-stream to the accompaniment of loud barracking from the troops on top of the bank.

There was more barracking when a lanky Gippelander, nearly seven feet tall, tried to cross by the overhead ropes, which sagged under his weight so that he finished up hand over hand and up to the armpits in cold water.

But in spite of the barracking the troops are most serious about the job they are doing.

Around their tents the troops have planted ferns, flowers and vegetable plots.

Sweepstake

A BIG sweepstake on the results of the second round of the ticket carries two days, ready the prizemoney from several hundred pounds.

The different units are competing, one against the other, to provide the "good old" official communications unit sent to the White House, in which Roosevelt "gives the dope" on 14 or 15. Eisenhower, Churchill, Stalin have been equally helpful with advice on prize dates.

They have built picturesque huts from rough logs, with awnings made from local straw.

One unit planted its own botanical garden, with costly signs giving the botanical names and details of each plant.

Some of the huts are ready threatened with disappearance by rustling sound of haversacks at work in the timber of the nearest already be heard.

This camp is widely known through lovely country with rolling paddocks; straight-lined hills and dark, misty mountains range with a few small towns.

Signs bearing the insignia of different Army units, and their transport route numbers, are seen on the trees.

A jeep, roaring along the crest of a hill, scares a flock of wild cockatoos across the valley.

The men will set out cheerfully for a twenty-mile journey to the nearest town, taking their chance of getting a lift.

On Saturdays and Sundays, duty, khaki-clad figures can be seen trudging the winding roads to other units, or civilian friends.

Army and civilian race teams provide recreation for those off duty on Saturday afternoon. Football matches—Rugby, Soccer and Australian Rules—are played all over the countryside at times.

A sight to be remembered is the boxing matches every Sunday. They were introduced as a means to give the men something to do, and now attract attendance of three and four thousand.

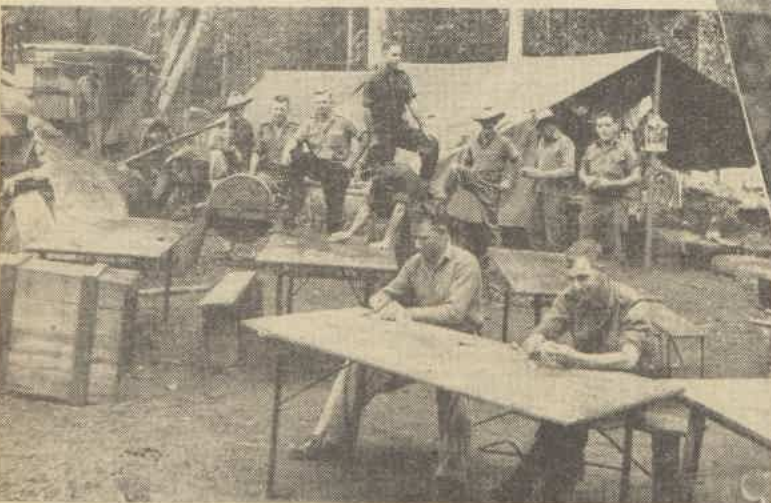
The interest and excitement they create will raise the roof—if it were one. The site is a small arena, with the boxes stretching away in the darkness, and you stand by the last row of seats, ettes glowing in the darkness.



COUNTER to an arm-pinning grip is demonstrated by Tyra T. H. Wilson (Princetown, Vic.), and M. J. Hammond (Warrnambool, Vic.), during unarmed combat practice.



UNIT MASCOT, "Stanley," with L/Cpl. R. A. Adams, of Manly, N.S.W., leads band of parade ground. "Stanley" stands at attention during ceremonial changing of the guard.



MESS at formation headquarters during bivouac, in a small clearing in the jungle which is usually called, with mock heroics, "this green hell," or the "Botanical Gardens," by the troops.



AT BOXING TOURNAMENT. Infantryman Quinn takes it easy between rounds while his second, "Chuck" Williams, and Peter Brown (with towel) revive him. Regular Saturday night boxing bouts attract thousands.



MINIATURE BILLIARD-TABLE set up in 8 x 6 clearing from dense jungle. From left: Ptes. Dan Mooney (Wauchope, N.S.W.), S. Carroll (Sydney), Charles Mears (Charleville, Qld.), Ron Franks (Botany, N.S.W.).



OFFICERS at school of tactics. Seated round a landscape model of hessian and cotton waste, officers work out details of tactics for different types of jungle and coastal territory.

The ring benches and the band rotunda were built from materials available in the camp.

The boxing is hell-for-leather. Every man wants to win, and is urged on by the members of his own unit with "Good on yer, Woody. Go on you beauty! Into him, Blue!" with a roar from hundreds of the strongest lungs in the world, shattering the quiet night.

OWEN-GUN SHOOT, 30 yards range. Troopers in a cavalry commando unit lined up for mass practice, firing single shots and bursts of fire. Their instructor praised the good shooting of these men.



SMOKE BOMBS add realism to scene as fully equipped men cross stream on bamboo poles.

Pictures by
JACK HICKSON
The Australian
Women's Weekly Staff
Photographer.



ASSAULT COURSE. Troops go over the cat-walk after crawling under and over a "maze" of logs close to the ground. This course is a more exciting substitute for daily physical training.



ROUND FIRE, troops prepare a picnic lunch off duty. In picture are Pte. S. C. Goldfinch (cooking steak), W/O. P. Johnson, Tpr. R. T. Davis, Pte. G. A. Fernhough, Tpr. E. V. Deignan.



DAILY BATH in mountain stream for troops on bivouac. From left: Pte. J. Clemens (Vic.), Sgt. S. Harrison (Melbourne), Pte. L. Klitschke (S.A.), Cpl. S. Cutting (Sydney), enjoying a "shower."

HUMOR IN BATTLEDRESS . . . laugh with A.I.F.



• "The General presents his compliments, and asks would you fire a shot or two."



• "Hey, Doc, d'you think this one'd be a homer?"



• "Goah, Doc—the Hles in Libya; the Huna in Greece and Crete; the Japs in New Guinea—and a coconut gets me in Toconaville!"



• "Sir, I wish to make application for an increase in salary."



• "The cook's gone troppo—he's serving everyone with a color print from The Australian Women's Weekly."



• "What's wrong, mate? Havin' a mud pack?"



• "—And I said to him: 'You just put two pennies on a stick and toss 'em up.'"

Letters you've waited for...

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH

For four years the A.I.F. has been writing its own story in letters home—an intimate story told in the unselfconscious phrases men use with those closest to them. The thousands of letters we have printed in our "Letters from Our Boys" page are not only an invaluable historical record, but also reveal the qualities that make the Australian fighting man.

It is impossible to generalise about an Army that produces a soldier who swam out to a wrecked ship to rescue a kitten; another who hitch-hiked across the desert to hear an orchestral concert; a gunner who, in the midst of battle, noticed a skylark singing... An infantryman who, in the hard-ship and misery of the New Guinea jungle, wrote excited letters home about horticultural specimens; troops who sang "Roll Out the Barrel" and "Home, Sweet Home," as they fought their way into Bardia. Others who sang "Waiting Matilda" as they stormed a Japanese stronghold in Malaya.

But from the thousands of letters you learn the qualities that have made the Australian soldier—his humor, his courage, his kindness, his stoicism, and his pride in his country. When the A.I.F. first went overseas the letters we printed were from wide-eyed tourists many travelling on a ship for the first time in their lives.

They wrote of shipboard life, of strange ports, and colorful natives. Between manoeuvres and desert training they toured the ancient cities of Palestine, Syria, and Egypt, and ate strange meals in the homes of Bedouins and Arabs. Some of them wrote the story of the biblical landmarks of Jerusalem as a new and moving story they had heard for the first time, ap- with a spiritual response that revealed their wide knowledge of the New Testament. One, not given to writing long letters, is too well known for me to go into it here.

READING HIS LETTER. In homes all over Australia, letters are the only links with absent men.

And then, unbelievably, the wide-eyed tourists were fighting troops, and we knew that men were being killed and wounded. "We are on the fringe of battle, and every body is excited," an officer wrote. "Even the guns seem to be opening their barrels wider in readiness to hurl their bark and confusion at the enemy. "This recent battle has been astounding. We've spoken to some of the lads who took part. "They are absolutely splendid—no boasting, no brag; they treat it as though it were just an exercise that they'd been in." We will always remember in this office those first letters from the battlefield, especially this one from a hospital sergeant: "This is the place to realise what war means, and what courage means. "A boy of not more than 21 years was carried in. The chances of his living seemed small. "I asked him, 'How was it, old chap?' "He answered: 'I wouldn't have missed it for quids. It was worth it.'"

Through the Greek and Malayan campaigns and the early fighting in New Guinea, the letters from the A.I.F. were filled with an unshakable confidence that was like a battle cry, strengthening the spirit of those at home through those anxious months. And the comradeship that sustained them through awful experiences seemed a promise of a fine basis for the new world they are still fighting for.

"The comradeship of men in arms is something very great, which must be experienced before you know the fullness of it, for it is bought with a price, and the price is not gold." A soldier wrote after the El Alamein battle. "I shall always remember shaking hands with mates silently in the darkness before going into action," a soldier wrote during the early advance. "When you see blood spurting from your mates you just go mad with rage," an Eighth Division man wrote from Malaya. Letter after letter told those at home that man to man the A.I.F. was more than equal to its enemies.

Later their confidence was to be borne out in the victories with the Eighth Army, and in the arduous triumphs of New Guinea. "Only for his planes and tanks we could have gone through his infantry like paper," one man wrote from Greece.

Understatement

"If only England and America will send us some planes we are more than a match for the Japs," wrote an infantryman—on the eve of the fall of Singapore. "The Japs are masters of hushcraft, but they are up against chaps who cut their teeth on a blue gum," a soldier wrote in the advance over the Owen Stanleys.

Understatement has underlined the courage of the A.I.F. in its four years of fighting. "I was very tired," wrote a gunner after five days of fierce fighting in the desert at an outpost surrounded by the enemy. "A very embarrassing experience was being nearly run over by a tank," another letter from the desert began.

An aboriginal soldier said of Crete: "It was a bit of a strain, but you soon get used to it." "Our first bit of a walk was up a bit of a ridge seventeen hundred feet high," is how an infantryman described the "Golden Staircase" in the Owen Stanleys.

The A.I.F. man has produced three types of humor in this war. He has carried on the tradition of father's leg-pulling story began, it is believed, in Malaya, spread west to the Middle East, and east to New Guinea. Then the A.I.F. in New Guinea rose to dizzy heights of imagination with the tall story. First, "leg-pull" we recorded was the story of the second contingent arriving in the Middle East in a boat wave.

They crossed the desert in a hot, parching gale, and the first person they saw was a solitary Australian soldier muffled up in a great coat, who said: "You chaps are lucky to arrive in a cool spell." An invisible dog began the "troppo" stories. Soldiers in Malaya led invisible dogs on to act as sentries round with them tied them to trees, provided drinking bowls and food for them. Officers joined in the joke, took the troops to task if their "dogs" barked too much in the camp.

Troops in the Middle East added invisible pigeons to the "troppo" tradition. One man was appointed "Head Pigeonnaire," but was paraded for failing to keep the invisible pigeon loft clean, was nearly disgraced when a fifth column pigeon was discovered among his flock. In New Guinea invisible crocodiles were

added to the invisible livestock, and one man capped the lot by adopting an invisible eight-year-old Eskimo orphan boy who slept on his bunk during the day. The soldier kept a place for him at meals, provided him with bread, and apologised for the lack of tallow candles. The tall tale has produced a hilarious riot of fabrication, most of it based on mosquitoes. The story sent to us most often—we have received it hundreds of times—was the one about the Air Force ground staff pumping dozens of gallons of petrol into what they thought was a bomber and discovering it was a mosquito.

Sharks, crocodiles, and snakes have provided other flights of fancy. We particularly liked the one about the boy who lost out in the shark race because when he was some distance out at sea the shark he was riding developed "fin trouble" in its left fin, and kept on swimming round in circles. One thing we have learned from all these letters is that the most romantic letters do not always come from the most romantic men.

Some of the most devoted letters—revealing a deep and abiding affection and understanding—are written by family men to their wives. "Keep the chin up, darling. I won't be long coming back," a soldier wrote. "I want to see you, dearest, before the silver threads appear."

"Good-night, dear. Dream of our future together as I do. When I come home we will compare plans, and pick the best—I hope yours is the best." From a prisoner-of-war camp the father of a young son writes to his wife. "Time may drag for you, and what is gone can never be recalled, but whatever time is left to us three will be a period of perfect understanding, of happiness no words can express."

Wherever he goes, however enthusiastic he may be about new cities and new countries, the Australian soldier retains a sharp memory of his own country, his own town, his own home, and a longing to be there again. "As I set foot on Aussie soil I just stood there and shook like a lump of jelly," wrote one boy when he came home from the Middle East. "The whole ship went crazy when we were pulling into port, so long as we knew it had been Darwin, so long as we knew it was Australia," wrote another. Perhaps this pride of country is best summed up in the remark of the noble Mosque land boy who visited the impressive to my mind, he said, "as the Brisbane Town Hall."

WRITING HOME. In jungle and desert men of the A.I.F. have written in their letters home an intimate history of this war.



HER thoughts twisted back from the painful, bitter-sweet thoughts of Martin to the unknown man by her side. What had started her on this train of thought? This vague resentment against him?

In that moment when she had tried to claim the taxi, she had felt a quiet, stubborn determination—it had been a very definite opposition and she wasn't used to that. How often had she smiled and charmed underlings out of long-standing claims on Martin? How often had smooth telephone calls or the correct touch in a letter secured for him something that someone else had wanted or needed?

It had become more than a habit with her to think Martin and Martin's needs must come before everything. Yet she had known even in those first few words with this unknown airman that she was lucky that their destinations were the same. If they had been in different directions, neither casual arrogance nor smooth-tongued charm would have made him give up the taxi.

He had been there first—the taxi was his. Her resentment rose from the fact that his quiet, suburban honesty made her methods—or, rather, the methods she employed daily on behalf of Martin—seem just a little tarnished. She shrugged and settled further into her fur.

The man sitting so quietly beside her in the darkness said, almost as though he knew she had finished some inward debate, "Cigarette?"

"No, thank you."

"Mind if I do?"

"Of course not."

Kay heard him open his case and take out a cigarette. A lighter sparked, and lit a clear, bright flame, illuminating his face for a second as he leaned above it. It was an unusual, interesting face. Dark, sensitive, gay, rather fawn-like, with his curved, tender mouth, his long, pointed jaw, and smooth brows.

The light snapped out, leaving them alone in their little prisons of darkness. He said slowly: "Do you know anything about this show?"

She answered evasively: "A little."

"Do you suppose my Aunt Ermentrude will like it?"

Suspicion shot through her, restraining the frank spirit of laughter that struggled up inside her. She said coldly: "Assuming that you have an Aunt Ermentrude—"

The voice answered gravely, so

Give Back My Heart

Continued from page 9

gravely that one knew the gravity was the thinnest ice over deep wells of laughter: "I see your point. But my Aunt Ermentrude is an inveterate playgoer—if a little old-fashioned. She chose this show chiefly, I think, because the star is a refugee, and she has a feeling for refugees. She insisted on my spending the last night of my leave with her."

"I'll take your word for her existence, although she still has a rather phony flavor. However, a Martin Anderson show is sure to be good. They always are. There will be good singing, new star, and some equally good old ones. Something for everyone."

"You travelling for that company?"

Kay felt her color rise, and wondered why she should have spoken so vehemently in Martin's praise, and she knew it came from her deep anxiety. She wanted to make everything that surrounded Martin perfect, glamorous, and desirable.

He said unexpectedly: "How old is this Anderson bloke?"

"He's thirty-eight."

"You know all about him. A fan, I suppose, if a producer can have fans! You don't look like a fan. They rarely run to glamor."

"Thank you," she said furiously. "It must be odd for him," he said musingly, "being able to go on with what he wants to do in the middle of all this upheaval. I wonder what it feels like?"

"Just like doing what he's always done," she said defensively. "Surely entertainment is essential?"

"I suppose so," he said absently. "You don't sound very sure."

"I'm not. Once I thought music was the most certain and important thing in life. But now I know that unless we live there will be no more music. Not free and inspired music."

She said, wanting to hit back at him for some unknown reason: "A highbrow—going to an Anderson show?"

"Aunt Ermentrude booked the seats."

"I hope you won't be too bored."

"One couldn't be bored with Aunt Ermentrude," he said severely, and flicking on his torch glanced at his watch. "Time's going. I hope your escort isn't as impatient as my aunt."

She was about to say she had no

escort, and then, because she knew he wanted to know if she were going alone, said instead: "I hope not."

The taxi drew up outside the millling crowd in the darkness round the theatre entrance. He helped her out, and as she opened the bag to pay her fare, shook his head. She could see by the light of the torch the lazy, stubborn, mocking smile. "A-ho!" he said, warningly. "It was my taxi, you know." He paid the man.

She said stiffly: "Thanks for the lift."

"It was a pleasure," he paused, then said unexpectedly. "You know—your terribly pretty."

"Thank you."

"We're in the dress circle. Aunt Ermentrude doesn't drink, but I do. If you should be free in the interval, do come and have a drink with me. I'll tell you what I think of your lull show—clay feet and all."

She was angry, still not quite knowing why. She said briefly: "All right. Perhaps I will." She disappeared into the darkness, pushing through the crowd toward the stage door.

Kay left her coat and hat in her little office next to Martin's, and picking up her notebook and pencil went down to the stage. On rehearsals and first nights Martin liked to keep her by him, making notes of alterations and improvements, or the reactions of the audience as the show went on. It was these notes they would check through and discuss at her flat afterwards over supper. He never let up on a show—he would never allow it to stale.

She went down with a crowd of chorus girls, a glittering wave that frothed and broke stagewards. Smythe, Martin's stage manager, elderly and calm, stood in the middle of it all like a rock. She jugged his elbow. "Hallo, Smythe, darling. Am I late? Where's the boss? Has he been asking for me?"

He turned, and she sensed something deeper and different from his habitual, over-worked irritation. "He's not down here. I haven't seen him yet. What the devil's the matter with him, Kay? It's not like Martin on a first night."

She said blankly: "Where is he, then?"

Adventure in Khaki

Continued from page 7

lighter for Miss Carstairs. It took a couple of attempts, because she blew it out the first time.

"I was not aware," remarked Angus, dangerously, "that you smoked, Annie."

"No?" said Miss Carstairs, and raised her nice eyebrows at him. The Adventure got up. "Well, people."

Miss Carstairs began to cough. Tears came into her eyes, she felt suddenly how ridiculous she looked, and more tears came. Angus only regarded her more disapprovingly. It looked as if he mentally folded his arms. At any rate, suddenly Miss Carstairs hated him. She wanted to shriek and tear things. She wanted to . . .

The Adventure said: "You got a hankie?"

Miss Carstairs fished for it, and found it rolled into a ball. He shook it out and presented it to her again. He was swivelled round, facing her, Angus' eyes bored mercilessly into the back of his head.

Suddenly she whispered: "Would you please . . . would you mind . . . kissing me?" She choked.

The Adventure started, then a slow grin appeared. He winked at her. "M.P. eh?" He kissed her. He felt it was getting to be a habit. When they looked up they were alone. The grass was slowly uncurling itself in the wake of Angus' stamping feet.

"He's gone," Miss Carstairs said wonderingly. She began to feel weak. This was the first time she had ever had the opportunity of seeing how Angus would react to "competition." As the girls at the office called it. She felt she had been momentarily insane. And again she heard that curious piping laugh in the poplars.

"Well," drawled the Adventure happily, "I guess that's that."

Miss Carstairs began to sob. She gestured miserably. "Oh, go away!"

A phrase from the book she had been reading returned to her: "Magic gives a wonderful spice to life, but it's dangerous beyond any spices."

The Adventure rather timidly placed an arm along the back of the seat. "What you want," he said, "is a nice big steak and . . . errn . . . onions. Where do we get them?"

Miss Carstairs dried her eyes and shook herself rather like a wet kitten. "We?" she queried.

"Please," the brown eyes laughed at her. "You just can't desert me now; after all, you saved me, and I sort of saved you. We got to stick together; where we going?"

"I," said Miss Carstairs carefully, "am going to . . ." She named the restaurant where Angus took her.

"Bright lights? Music?" asked the Adventure. "Listen, do you often go there?"

"Angus . . ." began Miss Carstairs. "I reckoned it out that way," he laughed. "No, I got a better idea." He outlined it. It was on the dazzling side.

"Got a comb?" he said. (Being really an Adventure his conversation was at times appropriately bewildering!) Miss Carstairs obliged.

He combed it lazily through her once neat hair, and it fell softly round her face.

"Get the idea?" he grinned. "I'm not Angus. I got a use for camouflage . . . but in the proper place. Did he ever tell you you're pretty?"

Miss Carstairs got the idea. She took out her mirror. She applied her lipstick rather generously. She powdered her absurd pink nose.

"Flowers," said the Adventure. "Got to get some."

They went.

The hook that told about magic lay open at the foot of the park seat. It was not there next morning. It is possible that the nymphs and satyrs took it when they danced there early in the morning. Or perhaps it was Pan himself, who had come back to the care-worn earth for one hour, and sat laughing behind a poplar tree.

Weeks later she came back. She didn't come to look for the book, though. She came to dream a little and write letters.

(Copyright)

"Up in the Joubert's dressing-room. She is nervous, so I suppose he has to hold her hand!" He turned aside to answer a question one of the electricians put to him, left her, and came back again ruffling his hair to further wildness, punctuating his words luridly and unprintably. "What the — that whey-faced — has to behave like an operatic prima donna for, I don't know. Who is she? She's not even a star here, except in her imagination. Look, here they are now! Make way for the — Queen of Sheba!"

"Shut up, Smythe! They'll hear you. And think of my youth and innocence!"

Her voice was quite normal. At least she told herself it was. Smythe glanced at her sharply, and did not reply. They stood together watching Magda Joubert's regal progress to the wings. On the stage the girls were already in position. Magda came down the stairs, lifting her full skirt of white tulle with one small, frail white hand. The bodice was daring and scanty, appliqued silver leaves seeming to grow round her slim body.

She was slender, with cloudy pale hair, delicate and childish, except for the dark-lashed, green eyes, the cynical, mocking, scarlet mouth, the little teeth, sharp and white like a kitten's. Martin walked beside her, holding her hand.

He led her across to the centre of the stage, tall and slim and attractive in the black and white of his evening clothes. Smythe called across irritably that it was time for the curtain to go up. Martin bent and kissed Magda's hand, whispered to her "good luck," and came to the side.

The lights went out, the music flowed to fullness as the curtain swept up—a white spot picked out Magda, spread, lighting the girls about her. The opening number flooded out in a surge of violins, luscious and lovely, like summer meadows in the moonlight, and Magda's voice took up the melody—a thin, high voice, true and delicate, with a queer little spice of wickedness in it.

Kay moved to Martin's side and stood there silently. He listened, absorbed, not noticing she was there. She felt a queer coldness creep down over her. A sense of finality, as though she had been dismissed. In that moment, as he watched Magda, she knew that the little French-Hungarian had driven every other image out of his mind and heart.

He turned and saw her, and said: "Hallo, Kay," slipped an easy casual arm about her shoulders. "She's wonderful, isn't she?"

"Yes," he had said it about so many girls.

"There's something about her, I don't quite know what. I suppose it's the combination of her extreme youth, and wide experience."

"Yes," she paused, and something made her say: "Is it true that she was married when she was seventeen?"

"Yes," his arm dropped from her shoulders, his hands were thrust into his pockets, and a little frown came between his brows. On the stage the tuneful, malicious voice whispered confidently to the stalls. "Yes. She was married in Warsaw—she was very wealthy, I believe. She's neither heard from him nor seen him since the Germans took the city."

Something made her say, she could not help it: "She left him there?"

He glanced at her sharply. "He managed to get her out across the frontier. There was Jewish blood in his family—he was afraid it might reflect on her. He had to stay himself."

"He must have loved her very much."

"Most men would," he grinned. "I'm banking on several hundred in the audience feeling the same way."

Kay was thinking: She left him. He was her husband and she left him, knowing what his life would be in German hands. She tried to make the excuse: She is young, not twenty-two. But the thought persisted: He was her husband, and his danger was greater than hers. She wondered suddenly about the unknown R.A.F. sergeant of the taxi episode, thinking of him out in front, with the fictitious or otherwise aunt, and wondered what he would think of Magda. He was subtle, too, but stubborn, not easy to charm.

Please turn to page 31

Animal Antics



"Hurry up, I'll be late for work."

Music for Saturday nights

Saturday night's bright musical line-up from Station 2GB has been specially designed to provide music that will appeal to every taste, finishing up with a dance hour.

THE programmes include light classics, popular hits, romantic music, restful music, and current numbers, hot and sweet.

"Dinner Music" at 6.15 features light music and dance tunes.

This is followed by "Lasting Loveliness" with Montague Brerley and his Silver String Octet presenting light classics and the most popular of the modern numbers in a half-hour of restful music.

At 7.30 comes "Pop Parade," concentrating on hits of the moment, interspersed with bright continuity by compere Johnny Walker.

"Melodies and Memories" is a new session at 8 p.m.

This programme is based on memories of the shows of yesterday and to-day.

Stars of the Australian stage are heard from week to week giving their reminiscences of the theatre, coupled with delightful melodies. Artists who will appear include Marie Burke, Minnie Love, Marie Bremner, Marjorie Gordon, and Carrie Moore. Compere is John Cazanbon.

At 9 p.m. there is a short break in the musical programme, when a spot of drama is introduced in "Prisoner at the Bar," with a re-enactment of some famous trial.

"Music and Mirth" at 9.30 is a 30-minute period of variety, in which the sound-track sequences of such stars as Kathryn Grayson, Joe Lubbi, Bob Crosby's Band, Duke Garland, Frank Sinatra, Duke Ellington's Orchestra, and other equally famous musical celebrities are featured.

"The Romantic Hour" at 10.20 p.m. has scraps of philosophy of the everyday, of the romantic and the beautiful, presented against a background of suitable music.

A dance hour of continuous modern music from 11.00 to midnight is an important innovation, providing musical numbers for those who like dancing in the home.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, June 7: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, June 8 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Charades."

FRIDAY, June 9: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."

SATURDAY, June 10: Goodie Reeve presents "A d.i.o. Competition: Sidney's Success."

SUNDAY, June 11 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Fest of Music."

MONDAY, June 12: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."

TUESDAY, June 13: "Musical Alpha."

As I Read the S.T.A.R.S. by JUNE MARSDEN

THIS will be a mediocre week for most people. It will probably be quite difficult for Virgoans and Pisceans, and most Sagittarians will have losses and disappointments, as well as difficulties.

This will be a time for caution, patience, good humor, and concentration on routine tasks.

Geminians, Librans, and Aquarians should find their affairs improving, and well planned changes have every chance of success.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): June 6 can prove unexpectedly helpful until early afternoon; be cautious later. June 7 (morning) poor, (afternoon) fair. June 11 good.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Routine tasks best. June 10 (early) very helpful.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Keep busy. good opportunities, changes and conditions likely. June 4 and 7 be very cautious. June 10 fair. June 11 very good. June 12 (morning) good, midday be cautious.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Routine tasks favored. June 6 and 9 poor. June 12 (late) fair.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): June 6 (morning) can be surprisingly helpful; (afternoon) poor. June 7 (morning) poor; (afternoon) fair. June 10 to 12 be cautious.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Beware of pitfalls. June 6 (afternoon) can be distressing. June 7, 8 (early), 12 and 13 be careful. A week for routine tasks only.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 23): Keep busy as success can attend new ventures, changes and journeys. June 6 (morning) good, rest of day poor. June 10 (morning) good; (afternoon) fair. June 11 (early) poor; (afternoon) excellent. June 12 (morning) good, but about midday poor.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Unpredictable days, but plan ahead, twice days soon. June 8 and 9 fair. June 10 very fair.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Take no risks. Avoid all changes and removals or big decisions. Beware of quarrels and wrong judgments especially on June 6, 7, and 8 (early), 12 (morning) and 13.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Uncontent, concentrate on routine tasks. June 10 (early) best day this week.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Utilize every good moment. June 9 (morning) very good. June 7 (early) poor; (morning) fair; (afternoon) good. June 11 (early) poor; (midday and afternoon) excellent; (late) poor. June 12 (morning) good; (midday) poor.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Be cautious, difficulties can prove insurmountable especially on June 6, 7, 8 (early), 12 and 13. Better times soon, plan ahead.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



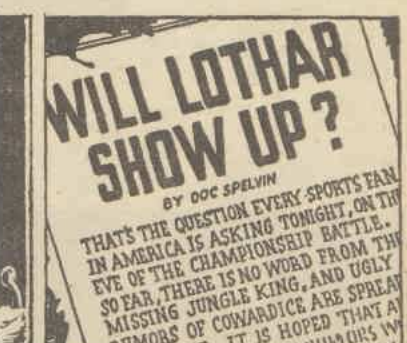
"My mother thinks the Army is too susceptible to a pretty face."



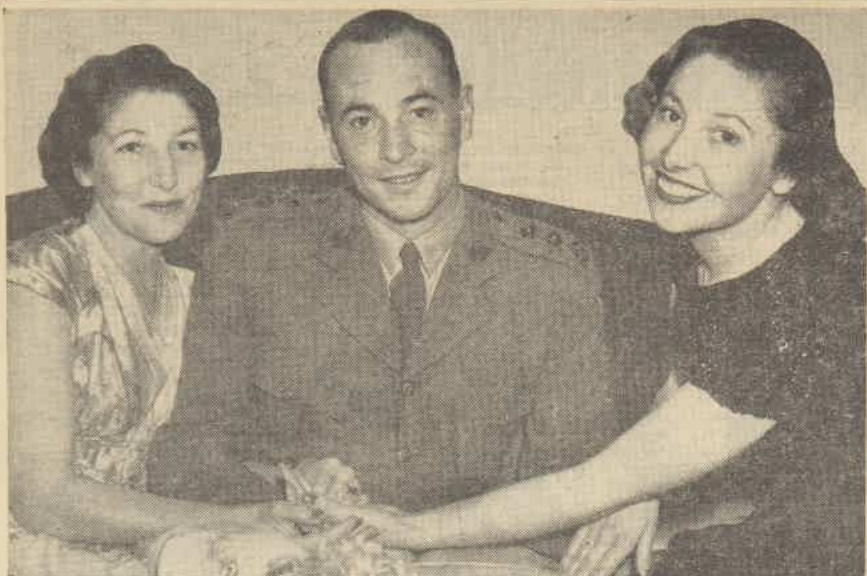
Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, get mixed up in the wrestling game because **SHARPY:** A manager, tricks Lothar into signing a contract. **NAILS:** A gangster, fails to get a half-interest in Lothar. Meanwhile,

MR. JOE: A fight promoter, signs Lothar and the Champ for a match. Nails bets Sharpy ten thousand that Lothar will not fight. He kidnaps Lothar, who comes to, hears it is the day of the fight, and breaks his bonds. Despite a heavy blow on his right shoulder, he escapes. **NOW READ ON:**



[To be continued]



SERVICE ENGAGEMENT celebrated at Prince's. Sergeant Roslyn Bowman, A.A.M.W.S. (left), with her fiancé, Captain Dick Stafford, A.A.M.C., and sister, Alison Bowman, who will be bridesmaid when Roslyn marries Dick on his next leave. Roslyn is wearing lovely square-cut sapphire, set in platinum, with diamond shoulders. She has now returned to her duties at 113th A.G.H.



HOSTEL for servicemen's wives at Strathallen, Turrumura, inspected by Mrs. F. R. Staniland, Corporal Oddie Howarth, A.I.F., and Sister Elsie Bond, Hostel run by Australian Service Movement.

On and Off DUTY.

WHEN Lady Gowrie has farewell dinner in the mess with A.A.M.W.S. members at their barracks, Oak Lodge, Woollahra, on June 21 she will meet girls who have served in Middle East and also in New Guinea.

Lady Gowrie will meet Aamws just returned after service in Buna, who jokingly call themselves "bush turkeys"—but despite their lack of clothing replacements and hairdressers' skill they are always rushed for "dates."

Already plans for dinner—which will be prepared and cooked by A.A.M.W.S. members—are under way. Buy time for Major Joyce Snelling, Assistant Controller of A.A.M.W.S., N.S.W., who says: "We feel that we women in this Service have a particularly soft spot in our hearts for Lady Gowrie, as in her role of Chief of Voluntary Aids she took so much interest in us in the days before we were attached to the Army."

CONSTANT shoppers for their household provisions at Double Bay are well-known members of Anzac Buffet auxiliary, Miss Leo Wray, Mrs. Arthur Charters, and Mrs. Clive Smith. Understand they operate a petrol pool among themselves, taking turns to bring their cars.

Believe buffet receives many grateful letters from Diggers who write their thanks. Often heard in A.I.F. up North when coming on leave: "See you at the Buffet, Dig."

GAY foursome at Prince's, when Lieutenant Campbell Webb and Rex Cater, A.I.F., lunch with their respective wives, Mary and Barbara. Campbell and Mary celebrate third wedding anniversary.



FIRST LEAVE for fifteen months. Private Hope Larkman, A.A.M.W.S. (left), Corporal Rae McDougall, A.A.M.W.S., and Private Gwen Wallace, A.A.M.W.S., enjoy their first day's leave in Sydney after serving in Northern Australia. Corporal McDougall plans June marriage with fiancé Bill Gooch, ex-A.I.F. These three girls will be posted to military hospitals in New South Wales.



ANZAC HOUSE. Mrs. E. D. Bennett shows Private Nancy Wilson, A.A.M.W.S. (left), Sergeant Peter Stinson, A.I.F., Private Eunice Hobbs, A.A.M.W.S., plan for Anzac House.



CANDIDATES. Valerie Bean (left), Air Force; Corporal Gladys Edgar, A.W.A.S., Army; Elsie Parsonage, Navy, in popular girl competition conducted by Smilin' Thru Club, to raise funds to provide amenities for A.I.F. servicemen at 113th A.G.H. Winner to be crowned at Advance Victory Ball at Town Hall on July 7.

HONEYMOON at Katoomba for Sergeant Maurice Manton, A.I.F., and bride, former Marjorie Puras. Maurice has thirty days leave.

BRISTLING with Army and A.W.A.S. personnel is bright post-wedding party given by Mrs. Athol Tier for son, Captain Donald Tier, A.I.F., and his bride, former Lieutenant Joyce Copland, A.W.A.S. As wedding was held in Melbourne, Joyce's home town, Mrs. Tier entertains couple's Sydney friends.



SERVICEMEN ENTERTAINED. Winifred Richards (left) and Pat Hough, members of Combined Services Younger Set of R.S.S.A.I.L.A., serve Corporal Frank Adams, A.I.F. (second from left), and Sergeant Reg. McKellar, Military Medal and Bar, Africa Star, luncheon at weekly luncheon given by Combined Services auxiliary for returned men, servicemen, and servicewomen, at 5 Barrack Street.

Interesting People

BDR. MIDGE EDMUNDS

... northern searchlight
TWENTY-TWO - YEAR - OLD
A.W.A.S. Bombardier Midge Edmunds, Bungendore, N.S.W., is officer in charge of Australia's most northern searchlight station, situated on North Queensland coast. Heads all-women searchlight detachment of 16 highly skilled Awas gunners, whose average age is 19. They maintain and operate the searchlight, make their own calculations, keep 24-hour "spotter" watch for aircraft.

DR. E. S. HILLS

... youngest professor
YOUNGEST professor at any Australian University is thirty-seven-year-old Dr. E. S. Hills, recently appointed Professor of Geology at Melbourne University from worldwide selection of applicants. Was formerly Associate Professor of Geology at University, at which he also took his D.Sc. degree. He is D.Ph. London. Is keenly interested in world problem of soil erosion.

MISS HEATHER LYON

... research scholar
DIRECTOR of Ada Mary McKett Free Kindergarten, Fishermen's Bend, Victoria, Miss Heather Lyon has been awarded the travelling scholarship presented by Mrs. H. F. Creswick, Melbourne, to enable graduate of an Australian kindergarten training college to gain overseas experience. During two years abroad she will visit leading centres of child development research in U.S.A. and study for Bachelor of Science in Child Development at Columbia University.



Give Back My Heart

Continued from page 28

MAGDA finished her number to a warm wave of applause. She came off, swimming her full skirts to the side of the stage. Martin nodded for her to go back for a call, and turned to Kay. "Listen, I shan't be able to make the flat to-night. I'm sorry, Kay. We'll have to have our party another time. Ralph Bickley is giving a big party at his hotel for Magda. He's a big shot—useful. We must go."

She said blankly: "But Martin— you always come—ever since—"

He cut her short. Magda was coming again toward the wings— she looked at Martin with her long, heavy-lidded eyes. Kay might not have been there. "Don't fret, Kay. Another time, I promise." He started toward Magda, and then swung back to Kay. "Go round to the front in the interval, Kay, there's a pet, and see what they're saying."

"Of course."

She stood there with her book in her hand, watching while Magda swept away to her dressing-room, and Martin, after a brief word with Smythe, followed her, his eyes never leaving the silver-white dress, the cloud of pale hair.

Kay thought with a little shiver: I'm not wanted.

Smythe, watching the next set on behind a drop, while the principal comedian chatted the audience out of the magic of moonlight into uproarious mirth, caught a glimpse of her familiar figure, and was struck by its stillness, by the white, old, lock round the young mouth. He went to her side, saying heartily: "Cheer up, Kay! Martin gets these crushes. He'll forget about that little baggage once the show starts." She started and smiled. She was grateful for his kindness; but it didn't give her any comfort to-night.

She looked round almost in bewilderment, as though she were seeing this back-stage world for the first time. A glorious flood of color poured about her. The Mexican set for the next number was on, and the girls were coming down again in brilliant Indian and Spanish costumes. People spoke to her, the dancing couple, a thin, colored boy with a guitar and a cheerful grin. The comedian came off to rounds of applause, saying: "Hullo, Kay, darling," and going back again to take his call. She knew them all—she had scrutinised their contracts, ordered their costumes, done a hundred and one things vital to the show and their jobs, but to-night she did not seem to belong here at all.

She turned away, fighting the sudden, shameful well of tears that rose to her eyes, hating her self-pity, telling herself that she had been a fool, but only remembering the agonising poignancy of Martin's dependence upon her such a short while ago.

She let herself through the door at the side of the stage behind the boxes, and went to the back of the dress circle, leaning over the rail, watching the show, trying to get an opinion on it, and thaw the numb horror from her mind.

Was it good? There was something, she did not quite know what, that did not please her.

She could not put her finger on it. The laughter was loud, the music was good, the scenes were attractive—the applause showed that. It should run for months. The curtain came down at the interval and she went into the bar, standing there alone for a few moments. Then the first rush came in, crowding up to the bar for drinks, separating into couples and groups, animatedly discussing the show. She stood and listened obediently.

"Good show?"

"Yes, rather. The Joubert girl is wizard. Looks about eighteen."

"Looks a hussy," replied a girl.

"Well, it's not a church meeting. The tunes are good."

Kay stood listening. A voice at her elbow spoke quietly, its West Country burr maddeningly familiar. "Well, this is marvellous. I didn't think for a moment that you'd turn up! What will you drink?"

She looked up and saw the R.A.F. sergeant standing by her side.

"Hullo. I didn't come to see you. But I feel like something strong since you're asking me."

The laughing eyes searched her face, saw the shattered sense of loss which she could not conceal, noticed the light, etched lines about the soft red mouth. Incredulously he thought: She's been hit—hard. In this short while. Then: Perhaps he didn't turn up. Incredible! She had only a rag of her former rather arrogant self-confidence left.

"I need something strong myself

after that overdose of little Miss Joubert," he said lightly.

"You don't like her?" Kay was horrified by the eagerness in her own voice, scared by the color that rose to her cheeks at the quizzical lift of his brows. She had a feeling he guessed her thoughts, and was ashamed.

"I didn't say so. She's very lovely. Every man's meat, I should say. I mean if you were young and idealistic, you'd see her that way, but if you knew your way round, that little look in her eyes speaks worlds. You don't like her much yourself, do you?"

"I—I don't know. She's very beautiful."

"Be honest. She's a harpy, disguised as a ewe lamb, and you know it. I wonder just how many men she has eaten whole to get where she is to-day."

"You know nothing about her," Kay said defensively, but she thought of Martin's entranced eyes, and the unknown husband, left in Poland to almost certain death, while Magda went away.

"You know something," said the sergeant, "but you won't tell. Caggy? I can smell the type a mile away. Though she's certainly got what it takes."

"I'm glad you like her," said Kay mechanically.

"I don't. But that's not the point," he said forcibly. "The point is—whatever sex appeal she may possess—why give her the whole show on a plate? Why let her dance in the Spanish scene, when you have a dancer like Natasha in the show? Why let her sing a Strauss number in that limited little voice, when you have a real soprano in Netta Green? It unbalances the whole thing."

"Yes," she caught at a ray of hope, even though she knew it was useless. She was so absorbed in her own trouble that she barely noticed the man by her side. "Yes, perhaps that's what's wrong. I'll tell Martin."

His expression changed. "You know Martin Anderson?"

She had the grace to color. "Yes. I'm his secretary."

"Oh." He finished his drink. It all linked up now, Anderson, Joubert, and this sudden stricken look on the lovely face before him.

"Making a guinea pig out of me?" She said defiantly: "Not intentionally. I couldn't help it if you came to talk with me. I told Martin I'd come round and get the audience reaction."

"I see."

There was another pause.

He touched her arm swiftly. "Don't rely on my opinion. I'm not the average theatregoer. Aunt Ermentrude loves it. I must be getting back to her. Good-bye."

He was gone, and she was sorry he had gone, because talking to him had prevented her from thinking about Martin—no other reason. The flood of uncertainty and misery swept back on her. She went to the back of the circle, and watched his slim figure run lightly down the steps and drop into an empty seat at the side of an animated, dark, pretty girl in the front row. Dark and sparkling, Aunt Ermentrude, indeed, thought Kay, and in spite of her unhappiness laughed at his absurdity.

Well, she would not see him again. She did not even know his name. Never would know it. She wondered if his opinions would be of any interest to Martin.

Kay went reluctantly back behind the boxes to the stage. There was no point in her staying, and yet she felt she could not go without seeing Martin again. Hoping with a false and absurd hope, that she had imagined his lack of interest.

Smythe saw her. "The boss is looking for you, Kay. Up in the office."

She smiled, her heart quickening, and raced up the stone steps to where Martin had his office at the back of the theatre. He was alone, apparently waiting for her, when she went in. His back was towards

the door, the blue smoke from a cigarette curling up from his hand. She went slowly forward, and he turned quickly, smiling with his particular power and charm.

"Oh, Kay. I wanted you. How's it going?"

She hesitated. "Fairly well, I think. They seem to like it. I only actually spoke to one man. Someone I know slightly."

"Well?"

"He seemed to think the women didn't like Magda."

She waited. She knew as well as Martin that women were an important part of the audience. He laughed. "Understandable. However, we don't mind filling the house with men, so long as it is full."

She said sarcastically, in a tone she had never used to him before, "A Martin Anderson Show? Something for Everybody?"

He scowled. "Don't be stuffy, Kay. One can't rule one's life with an advertising slogan. Was that all?"

"No. He said it was a shame to let her sing the Strauss waltz when you have a real soprano. Magda's only got a cabaret voice, after all, and—"

"She's got a voice like a blackbird." He looked down at Kay, slowly raising his glass to his lips. "Kay—don't tell me, don't say that my clear-minded, honest Kay has got this feminine prejudice against Magda's type?"

She knew he was angry. All right, she thought—now or never. I'll tell him. I can't stand it any longer.

"Martin," her voice was shaking. "Martin, there's something I—"

He glanced at her gravely, picked up a paper on his desk, and said slowly: "So you've heard, too?"

Startled, she drew back. "Heard what?"

"From the Ministry of Labor. I forgot to tell you this morning. They're after my staff again. I meant to speak to you about it before. I haven't had time."

"No," she said slowly. "I hadn't heard." The difficulty of keeping and training new staff in view of the wartime regulations was one of her biggest headaches. "Who is it now? Not more of the electricians? We're just down to minimum."

"No." His voice and eyes were kindly and concerned, and she knew he was acting. "As a matter of fact, it isn't. This time they are after you, Kay. I don't see now how I can claim an exemption. After all, it should be possible for me to find an older secretary."

In the silence that followed she felt just a little sick, reaching out for the chair behind her, finding it, sinking down. She was going to be called up. She had not thought about it. She had supposed her job at the theatre and with Martin at ENSA useful and necessary. She did not mind going—that was part of the wartime world. But that Martin should not care. That she did not matter to him!

Her face was burning. There had been no need to use bravado, to hold her resignation over his head, hoping that in need and in love he would ask her to stay forever. She began to laugh a little, painfully. He wanted her to go! He wanted her to go!

He watched her, watched the swift pain in her eyes, her laughing, agonised lips and said quickly: "It's not funny, Kay. I don't know what I am going to do without you."

It was like seeing a film in two halves, she thought, where you already had seen the end of the story. If she had not known, with her deep understanding of him, that he had hoped for this, she might almost have believed the rather hurt concern in his voice.

She heard herself saying abruptly the first thing that came into her head, and wondered if it came from some sense of guilt hidden in her mind, because she had never consciously had such a thought before.

"As a matter of fact, Martin, I was going to tell you I had decided to leave. I've had a feeling that I haven't been doing enough. That I ought to do something more actively concerned with the war."

He said, beautifully concerned, and with some truth: "Kay, you mustn't think like that. You've been wonderful. You've done three people's work in the last year. Heaven knows what I am going to do without you!"

She raised a smile at that, rather white and stiff-lipped, but still a smile. "I expect you'll do very well, Martin. You have the trick of getting devoted service."

"What were you going to do,

Kay?" he asked, and she had an odd feeling that he wanted to glance impatiently at his watch, and only just restrained himself.

Her mind searched wildly for some sort of shield, something that would sound genuine, and a vague memory of the sergeant she had met that night came into her mind. The blue uniform, the wings on his breast, and she said wildly and untruthfully: "I thought of the W.A.A.F. I—I've already had my preliminary interview. I wanted to tell you before I took any further steps."

Martin came round his desk, and took her hands.

"I think it's wonderful of you, Kay. Promise me you'll write—and that you'll come and see me. I'm going to miss you terribly."

She wanted to say angrily, vulgarly: "Don't give me that!" and heard herself saying instead in her customary calm, rather amused voice: "I'm not going to-morrow, Martin. I'll be some weeks. I expect I'd like to get things ship-shape for my successor now the show is launched."

Then she turned and went out into her own office, snatching up her coat and hat from her desk, and running down the stone stairs to the street.

The audience was pouring out into the brilliant moonlight, and she pushed her way through the throng, calling frantically for a taxi. She did not see the R.A.F. sergeant stop as he caught sight of her distraught face, and begin to struggle through the closely packed crowd toward her. Just as he reached her a taxi stopped, and she was gone. He turned and went back to his companion, a rueful smile on his face.

"Who was that, Andy?" she said. "She seemed to be in trouble."

He shrugged. "I thought so, too. Well, I guess I've had it. I don't suppose I'll ever see her again."

THEY were over now, the weeks of waiting after her medical, her first interview, long weeks gone through with a careless, calm indifference. A queer, grey blur had distorted everything she said or did. She had found a new secretary for Martin, a married woman, efficient, but plain and fortyish. Kay was not going to let any other youngster weave useless dreams as she had done.

She worked up to the end of the week before she went away. She made herself go to the theatre, to the ENSA rehearsals, working tirelessly, making herself meet Martin daily, trying to convince every one she was only what she had always been, his brilliant, efficient, charming, but casual secretary.

She knew all the time she was being foolish—that she was not fooling anyone, even herself.

Her heart thumped at his step on the stairs, his voice outside her door. Her day was dead when she did not see him. She would go on any excuse to his flat, to wherever he was rehearsing the ENSA shows, comforted just by the sight of him.

To-night, for some reason, Martin had asked her to dine with him. Whether it was because his conscience made him offer her this final courtesy, or just for one of his usual whims, she did not know. She had not seen him outside business hours since the first night of the show. She knew he was always with Magda. In the sunlight of publicity and success Magda had blossomed into a beauty. The thought of her haunted Kay.

Kay did not know why she had accepted Martin's invitation to-night. She was a fool to go.

Please turn to page 42

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



YOUTH PARADE

A galaxy of youthful stars in music... song... and drama.

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In His Steps

The programme with a challenge!

A series of stories based on the idea contained in the book, "In His Steps," dealing with the experiences of Rev. Henry Maxwell.

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Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.



SHORTLY after they had returned from a patrol, these members of a small A.I.F. unit were photographed a few miles from Salamaua. The patrol inflicted numerous casualties on the Japanese.



A SCENE enlarged from the famous English documentary, "Desert Victory," which was the film record of the 8th Army advance to Tripoli. Photographed by the Army and R.A.F. Film Units, this film showed the Australians in action.

PRIVATE A. B. ("Puddin'") GRAFFIN, of an A.I.F. unit, who assisted in making the documentary film, "Jungle Patrol," photographed in the Ramu Valley and Finis-terre Range district.



Films pay tribute to men of A.I.F.

AUSTRALIAN cameramen have risked their lives filming actual battle scenes, under overwhelming odds. The stirring documentaries and graphic newsreels that have resulted have been their reward.

● Through the medium of the screen, the gallantry, the unerring sense of duty, and the abounding good humor that have made the men of the A.I.F. famous are vividly shown to the people of the world.

● The photographs on this page are taken from Australian Department of Information films, with the exception of one scene from the British film, "Desert Victory."



TAKEN FROM a New Guinea newsreel, photographed in the Markham Valley-Kaipit area, this scene shows Australian troops leaving Kaipit village passing a signpost showing the way to Marawasa.



NATIVES CARRYING a wounded Australian past the patrol at Shaggy Ridge. He was stabbed by a Jap when lying asleep. This scene is from the Department of Information film, "Jungle Patrol."



A WOUNDED QUEENSLANDER receives medical attention after a two days' walk through the jungle.



AN AUSTRALIAN OFFICER buying fruit from natives in a village that has just been taken from the Japanese. Payment is made on the barter principle. This scene from "Kokoda Trail."

Film Reviews

★★ LADY OF BURLESQUE

BASING the story on Gypsy Rose Lee's backstage thriller, "G-String Murders," United Artists have made a swiftly paced show about a burlesque stock company, and added excitement with a double murder.

Most of the detective work is done by strip-tease artist Barbara Stanwyck, and comedian of the show, Michael O'Shea.

Barbara Stanwyck in the title role dances and sings, and turns in a vivacious and effective performance.

Screen newcomer Michael O'Shea has a likeable personality, and tosses off comedy repartee with veteran technique. He should be classified as one of Hollywood's important new discoveries.

The colorful background plus William Wellman's speedy direction and a very capable cast make this film a attractive entertainment.—Mayfair; showing.

★ PASSPORT TO DESTINY

THIS is an utterly fantastic tale of a London charwoman who sets out to scrub her way from London to Berlin, and winds up causing havoc among the German Gestapo.

Despite the crazy plot, however, there is a spicing of provocative comedy sequences that makes it a mildly entertaining show. The cast is very capable; in fact, it seems a pity to have such stars in a hay-wire little show like this.

Elsa Lanchester does a good job

as the determined English cleaning woman, convinced of her ability to kill Hitler and end the war, Gordon Oliver and Lenore Aubert are an attractive young couple, and provide the romance.—Mayfair; showing.

★ THE SCARLET CLAW

PERSONALLY, I find the sleuthing of Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce beginning to pall a bit, but for the Sherlock Holmes fans this eerie little piece is worthy of a one-star rating.

This time the boys do their detective work in a country village, where a series of mysterious murders is terrifying the locals.

The time-worn wolf angle is drawn out again, polished up, and proudly presented by Universal as a smart new bit of horror, and every time the action slackens down, another corpse is discovered to help the proceedings along.

Newcomer Lou Harding is a pleasant heroine, but has little opportunity.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

SMITH OF MINNESOTA

COLUMBIA no doubt intended this film as a tribute to the all-American half-back, Bruce Smith, but this dreary football yarn certainly won't get him any fans.

Smith, hopelessly out of his depth in a film studio, is obviously unhappy about the whole set-up.

Arlene Judge as the local newspaper reporter turns in a simpering and completely unconvincing portrayal.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.



*For a while, she has said good-bye
to her old self...*

You see her, trim and jaunty in her uniform, doing a thousand vital jobs, and doing them well. Driving trucks and service cars... slogging away at barrack-room desks... packing a parachute on which a precious life may depend... tapping urgent messages from hot, tin-shanty towns. Working wherever possible to free a man for the grimmer, sterner tasks of war.

The float-y evening gown has been laid aside. She has said good-bye to coiffures intricate and beflowered, to happy leisure hours in a room of her own and to many things so dear to the feminine heart. Her country needed her and cheerfully she answered that call.

Our thanks and gratitude go out to these daughters of Australia, who are playing so great a part in winning the war. Let us do all we can to hasten the day when she'll be free to return to her former self and grace our homes and hearts in all her womanly charm.

A Tribute to Girls in the Services
by

Berlei

Berlei are doing their best to ensure that, even if you can't "let your head go," you can at least avoid letting your figure go. Many thousands of foundation garments are being made and distributed to Stores throughout Australia. Berlei ask you, when you buy a foundation, to be sure you choose one designed for your figure type.



• Actors "Chips" Rafferty, Grant Taylor, and Peter Finch, who were granted special leave from the Services to play the leading roles in the film. This is one of the Tobruk scenes, showing the boys joking in a dugout.



• Charles Chauvel, who is col- laborating with the Australian Army to produce and direct the film, "Rats of Tobruk."



• This amazing reproduction of desert warfare was filmed on the sand dunes at Cronulla, N.S.W. Many of the soldiers taking part in the scene are actual veterans of Tobruk.



• Dramatic action scene taken from one of the excit- ing sequences of "Rats of Tobruk"



• Major Simmons (in Digger's hat) and Brigadier Melvett (far right), Army officers from Tobruk, in a scene with the three stars, re-enact their own true experiences for this film.

On location for "Rats of Tobruk"

NOW nearing completion, "Rats of Tobruk" will bring to the screen the en- thralling story of the long siege in which the men of the A.I.F. acquitted themselves so magnificently.

I have just visited the loca- tion—a typical tranquil Aus- tralian country scene, which director Charles Chauvel and his host of technicians, actors, and men of the A.I.F. specially assigned by the Army have converted into a realistic replica of Tobruk.

This transforma- tion has taken place at Curran's Hill, a sleepy little village just out of Camden, N.S.W., and this set is the largest yet con- structed for an Australian film.

Comparing the war- shattered buildings, the debris-strewn streets, to ac- tual photographs taken in Tobruk, this set is detailed and astonishingly exact.

The Department of the Army and the Department of Intelligence are co-operat- ing with Mr. Chauvel in mak- ing "Rats of Tobruk."

Major Geoff. Austin, who was wounded in Tobruk, is acting as

technical adviser for the film, and a number of the actual veterans of Tobruk have been gathered together and will be seen on the screen play- ing their real-life roles.

Two gallant and popular Salvation Army officers, Brigadier Melvett (known affectionately as "Fighting Mac" to the boys) and Major Johnny Simmons are in this film.

Installed in their Red Shield Hut, they serve out coffee, and play their bomb-cracked records to the boys as they did in 1941. The old gram- phone used in the film is actually the one Brigadier Melvett brought from Tobruk.

Every building on the set has been raked by machine-gun fire, but, although in the film strafing planes will be seen zooming overhead, no bul- lets are fired.

By PEG
McCartney

First, the carpenters go around with a hammer and chisel knocking small holes in the correct gunfire pattern.

Then into each of these holes tiny detonators are fitted, which are wired together and attached to a main battery, ready to be set off at a given signal.

For one of the most spectacular scenes of the film, a charge of Bren- gun carriers thunders through the main street.

The set was constructed on play soil, so sticky that even a light car would have difficulty in getting through, so the heavy Bren-gun carriers presented a special problem.

The Main Roads Board came to the rescue, and an efficient tarred road was laid down in two days through the miniature Tobruk.

"...so nice to come home to"



As the tide of war rolls towards Victory, the thoughts of our fighting diggers and their dear ones waiting at home take a more definite turn. After their arduous months in desert and jungle, they look forward eagerly to the comforts of peace which their courage and sacrifices have so thoroughly earned. With prospects of Victory becoming every day brighter, they can plan for their post-war life . . . for the home they are going to build, for the full enjoyment of a peace well won.

In their plans there must be everything which will make for beauty and comfort . . . which means, of course, Cane-ite insulating board for the walls and ceilings. By that time Cane-ite, now used by the services in huge quantities, will be available for peaceful domestic purposes, to insulate homes against changes of temperature and against outside noise . . . to bring beauty, comfort, and peace into the happy post-war home.

CANE-ITE

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RED CROSS brings a happy grin to Digger faces

By JOSEPHINE O'NEILL

IN the mud, rain, and coconuts of Milne Bay, an A.I.F. man scrawls a note to let his people know he is all right; the paper he uses was flown in by the Australian Red Cross.

In an industrial city suburb, a solitary, elderly woman is brought care and companionship; her wounded son had appealed, in his distant hospital, to the Australian Red Cross.

In a forward casualty clearing station, a soldier is saved—by the Blood Transfusion Service of the Australian Red Cross.

The vast activities of the Australian Red Cross in World War 2 cover every battle-front and every occupied country on the map. The people for whom it works express every phase of human want and human endeavor.

In the quiet, statistics-packed annual report put out by the Australian Red Cross Society you will, for example, see the heading: "Field Force."

This force, of some 200 men and 70 women, has worked—and is working—wherever an Australian fighting man has been in this war.

The members of the Malayan Unit, which totalled eight, although prisoners of war, are still carrying out work among sick and wounded. A Field Force man has for seven months been in Dutch New Guinea.

When the repatriated prisoners of war passed through the Middle East, a special Field Force unit was there.

The trained women workers did a wonderful job in helping these men, cut off for years from newspapers, families, and freedom, to reorientate themselves to the business of daily life.

From the Middle East, Greece, New Guinea; from hospital ships and aerodrome strips, recreation huts and libraries; from convalescent villas outside Alexandria, and supply launches in Ceylon Harbor, come the stories of the Field Force work. Stories vivid, comic, moving in themselves—that illustrate the enormous, vital organization behind them all.

A woman Field Force worker will recall how the handicrafts work in a Middle East hospital was given tremendous impetus because an interstate wrestler was not abashed at doing tapestry work; and how the beaches broke out in a rash of raffia hats and bags until Jerusalem and Tel Aviv had to be combed to find sufficient material.

That is just one small facet of the social work in military hospitals for which the Red Cross is providing personnel. Only recently, the society offered 23 scholarships for the training of social, medical social, and psychiatric social workers.

Back from New Guinea, a male Field Force worker tells the story of the man dangerously ill with scrub typhus. In his delirium, the man was obsessed by the delusion that his wife and children had been killed in a car accident—a delusion so potent that he was losing his grip on life.

The Red Cross man sent an urgent radio to the necessary Red Cross branch near the man's home. A social worker went out to see his wife, who carefully sent back a normal, loving message, saying all was well at home—and inquiring

"THAT'S the best cup of coffee I ever tasted!" said this Digger in New Guinea.



RED CROSS WORKERS distributing hot drinks to hospital patients at a picnic in New Guinea.—Dept. of Information pictures

CIGARETTE for stretcher case.

after his health. The arrival of that message brought her husband back on the road to recovery. He has since, perfectly fit, seen his family again.

Any type of request comes to the Field Force worker, and is met.

Reduced, in one part of New Guinea, to reading matter consisting of old medical journals and a 1933 "Punch" (advertising whiskey at 36/- a case), the troops turned to the Red Cross.

Another unit in a forward area wanted lime-juice and biscuits: they were sent, by plane.

Getting the enormous variety of supplies—from comforts to special light diet for sick men—to every type of front is only part of the work by the Field Force.

On one side, some of its men touch the work of the Social Service Department; and on the other side they link with the Bureau of Wounded, Missing, and Prisoners of War.

Throughout every bureau of the Australian Red Cross every day pours an endless stream of inquiries. Some are from the fighting men themselves, anxious about the welfare of their people. Sent originally by the Field Force, these

inquiries are passed on to the Social Service department.

The inquiries from civilians at home, for the welfare of their people abroad, come to the Bureau of the Missing: from this bureau goes out the enormous, stirring work of search.

An A.I.F. man, French with a British name, came back from the Middle East and could find no trace of his brother—who had enlisted two years before in quite another Service. The Red Cross found his brother.

Years of search
To an Australian country boarding-house came a letter from a woman interned in France, addressed to her brother.

All the boarding-house knew was that this man, a civilian, had left Australia.

The Red Cross traced that man to the other side of the world, told him about his sister, helped him to contact her with food parcels and messages.

Working in co-operation with the British Red Cross and the International Red Cross, the Australian Society is now looking for people of every nationality all over the Pacific.

It is still inquiring about men missing in Greece and Crete. A clue may suddenly turn up—and the searcher goes back years, and starts all over again.

Every month the searchers attached to the Australian Red Cross receive a thick paper-covered book listing the names—names of Dutch citizens, Filipino soldiers, British merchant seamen, as well as our own A.I.F., Navy and Air Force.

Every week they receive a supplementary pamphlet of additions, corrections, and cancellations.

It does not matter how many inquiries the bureau gets, it deals with them all.

About the details and success of its inquiries, made in New Guinea mud, from shipping lines, in the dust of the desert, and the polished rooms of consulates, the bureau will not speak.

To talk, the bureau feels, would be to undermine its own usefulness and authority. But it works on any information given.

And it acknowledges, for example, that inquiries about the missing are as much a function of the special Field Force Unit recently arrived in Britain from Australia, as they are of the individual searcher fording three New Guinea rivers in a day.

Inquiries made for fighting men anxious about the welfare of relatives at home are carried out by the Social Service Department.

In this department, too, can be seen one of the most important functions of the Red Cross—rehabilitation. The returned soldier of this war who seeks advice and help is supplied by the department with whatever he needs.

Typical is the case of the discharged man who went back to his former job. Feet injured made him unable to carry on after a few months. Because he had not received these injuries as a direct result of his two years in the A.I.F., he did not receive a pension.

His wife and four children were totally dependent on him. His wife was expecting another baby, and so could not work to keep the home going—and he himself had to undergo several months of medical treatment. So he went to the Red Cross.

The Social Service Department advised the family of all the

his treatment, the department kept in interested and cheerful touch with the mother and her small children, left alone.

The work of the Australian Red Cross on the civilian front, with its planning toward the post-war world, is in itself a whole story.

But here we are dealing with the Red Cross and the Australian fighting man—whether he needs a shaving kit or a fortnight in a convalescent home; whether he is a free man or a prisoner.

The Educational Service, working in collaboration with Britain again, helps the imprisoned man to make sure of post-war jobs. Three Australians in a Bavarian prison camp recently qualified as meat inspectors.

When the A.I.F. man thinks of the Red Cross, however, he is likely to remember the small things, as well as the big ones.

Things they remember
THE hot drink he got from a thermos on the plane... the sound and smell of the sea on a convalescent picnic in Palestine... the ice-cream in a Red Cross hut in New Guinea under the native roof... the euchre parties, and the song of "Three Blind Mice," and making hot, buttered toast with the primus and a biscuit-tin lid.

He may remember the sound of an Australian voice greeting him in a British hospital in India... the "White Christmas" in 1941 in Palestine, when bridges were washed away and the electricity failed, but the Red Cross kept the spark of the Christmas spirit alight... the libraries on the northern tablelands... the taste

of tobacco when he lit his first cigarette from a Red Cross parcel in a prison camp... the sight of the bundles, wrapped in kuru-kuru grass against breaking, that spilled out of planes somewhere over the Owen Stanleyes... the messages the Red Cross brought from home.

Behind the Australian Red Cross lies the drama of the people who help to support it... people from the outback, who hold a party on their station to raise funds... the railwaymen of the Katherine... the suburban housewife bottling fruit to sell at a bazaar... the children collecting their pennies... the knitters, the sewers, the packers... the schoolgirls of the Junior Red Cross... the relatives and friends and fellow countrymen of our fighting men at war.



HANDICRAFTS and hobbies taught by Red Cross workers bring healing to sick men.

Government department aids available. It also supplemented these aids with clothes, and milk for the children, and specific finance.

When the husband went off for



LOADING Red Cross supplies.

When he comes home . . .

Look as pretty as a picture
in styles like these



• If you are planning a picnic in the bush you are bound to win his approval in a trim dressmaker suit, topped with a casual camel hair swaggar like this Matifa model. Curls are captured in a colorful cotton hankie, and, of course, you'll wear flat-heeled shoes.



• Off to lunch in a simple frock of olive-green sheer wool printed with bunches of spring flowers. With it one of those ultra-flattering cartwheel hats that most men like



• A sight-seeing tour can be fun . . . going to the Zoo, the Art Gallery, or wandering through the Gardens. You will enjoy it all the more if you are sensibly and smartly clad like this lass with her cream and tan checked suit, and cosy tan saunter coat.

• For important party nights, you can't do better than this black silk crepe, with shirred panels set into the skirt, and gold lame or tissue gleaming in the front of the unusual bodice.

• Going to dinner with his parents? Your frock should suavely combine chic and charm, like this softly gathered beige wool jersey model. A cinnamon-brown beret gives the final flourish.





Australian National Airways operates the largest internal network of airlines in the world. During 1943 A.N.A. planes flew six million, seven hundred and five thousand miles . . . equivalent to fourteen trips to the moon and back

AUSTRALIA

Australian National Airways is proud to pay its tribute to the boys of the A.I.F. For A.N.A. has seen those boys in action and knows what they have done for Australia. The A.I.F. knows A.N.A. too-the Douglas planes that flew many of them into forward battle areas, that maintained supply lines to isolated jungle outposts. When Peace comes it will be their country's privilege to see that these boys receive the rewards they so richly deserve.

AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL AIRWAYS PTY. LTD.

PATON

He loved these Socks and Pullover

THE pullover illustrated on this page will prove a boon to a man stationed in the cooler areas of our land.

And, of course, you realise how necessary a cosy pullover is to a fighter coming on leave from jungle warfare.

Here are the simple instructions for making the pullover:

Materials: 12oz. Patons Super Scotch Fingering wool, 4-ply; 1 pair No. 9 knitting needles; and 1 set of four No. 12 (with points at both ends).

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 21in. or length desired; width all round at underarm, 39in.; length of sleeves from underarm, 18in. or length desired.

Tension: 7 stitches to the inch.

THE FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 130 stitches.

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1. repeat from * to end of row.

Repeat this row 29 times.

Using No. 9 needles, proceed as follows:—

1st Row: Knit plain.

2nd Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

Repeat these 2 rows until work measures 14in. or length desired, ending with a purl row. Cast off 10 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

In Next Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 49, k 2 tog., k 1, turn.

Work on these 53 sts. as follows:—

1st Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

Decrease once at armhole edge in next and every alternate row, at same time decreasing at neck edge in 2nd and every following 3rd row until 35 sts. remain.

Continue decreasing at neck edge in every 3rd row until 25 sts. remain. Work 13 rows.

Shape for shoulder as follows:—

1st Row: K 1, p to last 8 sts., turn.

2nd Row: K plain to end of row.

3rd Row: K 1, p to last 16 sts., turn.

4th Row: K plain to end of row. Cast off.

Join in wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

THE BACK

Work exactly as given for front until armhole has been reached. Cast off 10 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows. Decrease at each end of needle in next and every alternate row until 86 sts. remain.

Continue without shaping until armhole measures same as front armholes. Shape for shoulders as follows:—

1st and 2nd Rows: Work to last 8 sts., turn.

3rd and 4th Rows: Work to last 16 sts., turn.

5th and 6th Rows: Work to last 25 sts., turn.

7th Row: K plain to end of row. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 28 stitches.

Work in plain, smooth fabric, casting on 2 sts. at end of every row until there are 108 sts. on needle.

Decrease at each end of needle in 7th and every following 6th row until 100 sts. remain, then in every 8th row until 76 sts. remain. Work 3 rows or length desired.

In Next Row: K 2, * k 2, k 2 tog., repeat from * to last 2 sts., k 2. Using No. 12 needles, proceed as follows:—

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, repeat from * to end of row.

Repeat this row 29 times. Cast off.

Work another sleeve in same manner.

THE NECKBAND

Sew up shoulder seams.

Using No. 12 needles and with right side of work facing, knit up 43 sts. across back, 64 down left side and 63 down right side.

1st Round: * K 1, p 1, repeat from * to end of round.

2nd Round: (K 1, p 1) 51 times, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., (p 1, k 1) 31 times, p 1.

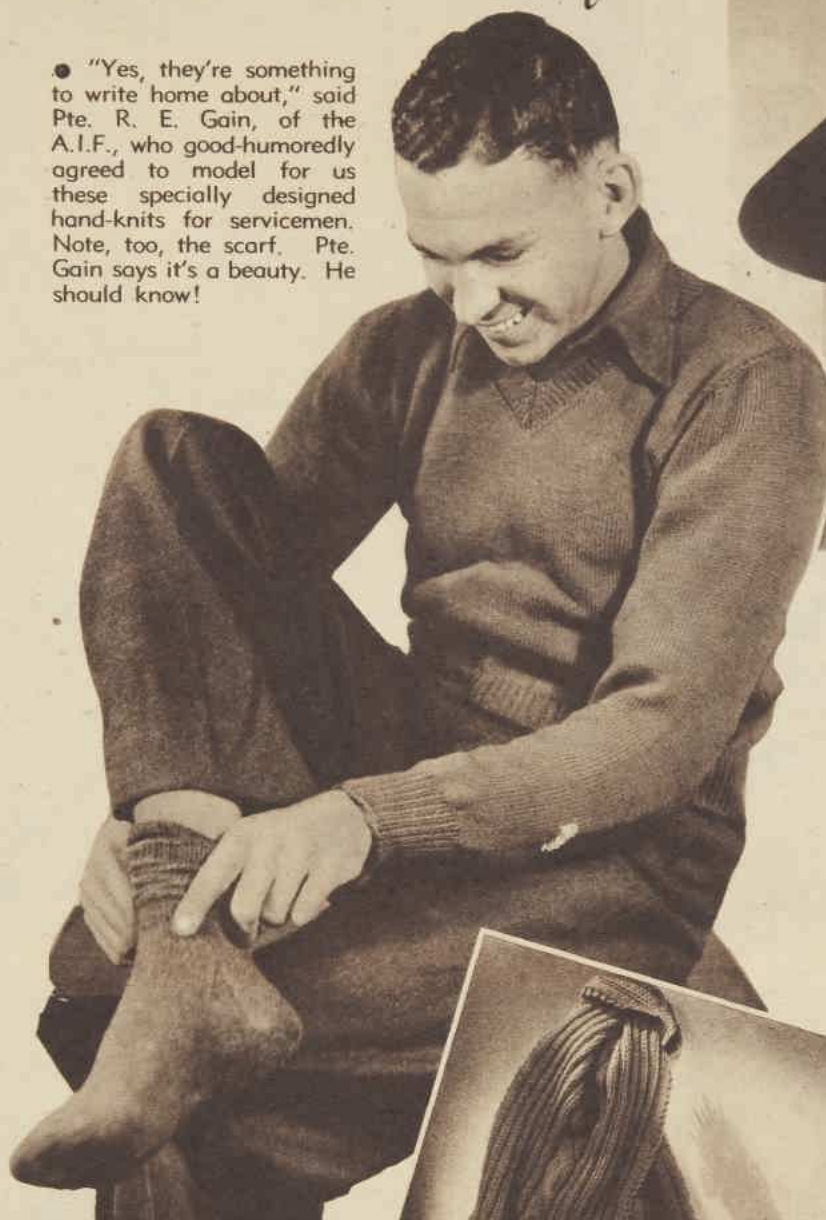
3rd Round: (K 1, p 1) 50 times, (k 1, p 2 tog.) twice, (k 1, p 1) 31 times.

4th Round: (K 1, p 1) 50 times, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., (p 1, k 1) 30 times, p 1.

5th Round: (K 1, p 1) 49 times, (k 1, p 2 tog.) twice, (k 1, p 1) 30 times.

6th Round: (K 1, p 1) 49 times,

● "Yes, they're something to write home about," said Pte. R. E. Gain, of the A.I.F., who good-humoredly agreed to model for us these specially designed hand-knits for servicemen. Note, too, the scarf. Pte. Gain says it's a beauty. He should know!



PTE. GAIN, wearing the pullover, smiles as he pulls on the socks. "I could stand at ease for many a day in these," he said. See directions on this page.

k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., (p 1, k 1) 29 times, p 1.

7th Round: (K 1, p 1) 48 times, (k 1, p 2 tog.) twice, (k 1, p 1) 29 times.

8th Round: (K 1, p 1) 48 times, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., (k 1, p 1) 28 times, p 1.

9th Round: (K 1, p 1) 47 times, (k 1, p 2 tog.) twice, (k 1, p 1) 28 times.

10th Round: (K 1, p 1) 47 times, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., (p 1, k 1) 27 times, p 1. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP PULLOVER

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam.

Socks he'll like to wear

GOOD socks, and plenty of them, are a real comfort to a man who is always pushing forward. On the other hand, badly made, ill-fitting socks are a menace to him. So it behooves you to keep him supplied with well-designed, perfectly knitted socks.

These are splendid socks. Follow directions carefully, and you'll make a success of them.

Materials: Patons super Scotch fingering wool, 4-ply. For 11in. foot:

A SOLDIER will proudly wear a scarf like this—not in tropical zones, of course, but it would be a real comfort in cooler spots. See directions on this page.



4oz. For larger foot: 5oz. Beehive knitting needles: 1 set of four No. 13, with points at both ends.

Tension: It is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 9½ stitches to the inch in width.

To join the wool, always splice, never knot.

Cast on 80 stitches, 28 on each of the first and third needles and 24 on the second. Work 4 inches in rounds in rib of k 2, p 2. Work 4 inches in plain knitting.

Proceed as follows:—
1st Round: K 1, k 2 tog., knit plain to the last 3 sts. of the round, k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 1. Work 6 rounds without shaping.

Repeat the last 7 rounds until 23 sts. remain on each of the first and third needles. Continue without shaping until the work measures 11in. from the commencement.

To commence the heel, k 17, slip the last 17 sts. of the round on to the other end of the same needle (these 34 sts. are for the heel).

Divide the remaining sts. on to two needles and leave for the instep.

On the heel stitches work 35 rows in alternate rows of purl and plain (always slipping the first stitch, purlways on the purl rows and knitways on the knit rows).

Turn the heel as follows: K 19, k 2 tog., k 1, turn; p 6, p 2 tog., p 1, turn; k 7, k 2 tog., k 1, turn; p 8, p 2 tog., p 1, turn; k 9, k 2 tog., k 1, turn.

Continue in this manner until all the stitches are worked on to one needle. Knit back 10 sts. (thus completing the heel). Slip all the instep stitches on to one needle again.

Taking another needle, knit the

THIS IS KEEN-EYED Pte. R. E. Gain, of the A.I.F., smiling at you. He thought it was great fun to model hand-knits—much easier than trailing Japs in the steaming New Guinea swamps.

remaining 10 sts. of the heel, knit up 18 sts. at the side of the heel; with a second needle, knit plain across the instep stitches; with a third needle, knit up 18 sts. at the side of the heel and the other 10 sts. of the heel. Knit 1 round plain.

Shape for the instep as follows:—

1st Round: K plain to the last 4 sts. of the first needle, k 2 tog., k 2; knit the second needle without shaping; on the third needle, k 2, k 2 tog., t.b.l., k plain to the end of the needle.

2nd Round: K plain.

Repeat these 2 rounds until 20 sts. remain on each of the first and third needles. Continue without shaping until the work measures (from where the stitches were knitted up at the side of the heel): 6in. for a 10in. foot; 6½in. for a 10½in. foot; 7in. for an 11in. foot.

Slip the last stitch of the first needle on to the beginning of the second needle, and the first stitch of the third needle on to the end of the same needle.

Shape for the toe as follows:—

1st Round: K plain to the last 3 sts. of the first needle, k 2 tog., k 1; on the second needle, k 1, k 2 tog., t.b.l., k plain to the last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1; on the third needle, k 1, k 2 tog., t.b.l., k plain to the end of the needle.

2nd Round: K plain.

Repeat the 1st and 2nd rounds until 28 sts. remain in the round. Knit the stitches of the first needle on to the end of the third needle. Graft the stitches.

Work another sock in the same manner.

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly.

For good measure ... beautiful scarf

A ROPE-LIKE cable introduced as a central motif gives an air of distinction to this cosy scarf.

Here are the easy-to-follow directions:

Materials required: 4 skeins Sun-Glo Shrinkproof or Wilga 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2266 (khaki), 1 pair No. 8 needles.

Measurements: Length, 48in. Width, 9in.

Tension: 7 sts., 1in. 8 rows, 11in. Using No. 8 needles, cast on 68 sts. Work the 1st row following into back of sts.

1st Row: K 4 (p 2, k 2) 6 times, p 2, k 8 (p 2, k 2) 7 times, k 2.

2nd Row: (K 2, p 2) 7 times, k 2, p 8 (k 2, p 2) 7 times, k 2. Repeat last 2 rows 3 times.

9th Row: K 4 (p 2, k 2) 6 times, p 2, sl. the next 4 sts. on to a spare needle, and leave in front of work, k 4, k the 4 sts. from spare needle (p 2, k 2) 7 times, k 2.

11th Row: Repeat 2nd row. Repeat last 10 rows until work measures 48in. Cast off.



• **ASCENDING THE PIMPLE.** Australian soldiers are shown by Wep, as they walk past Japanese foxholes on the famous peak in the Finisterre Ranges, New Guinea.



Artist Wep in New Guinea

ON his tour in New Guinea, The Australian Women's Weekly artist Wep (W. E. Pidgeon) visited Shaggy Ridge and brought back these vivid paintings. It was here that for two hours on Monday, December 27, Australian troops scaled a perpendicular rock face, previously believed unclimbable, to capture the Pimple.

The infantry attack on this Japanese fortress was preceded by intensive bombardment by 25-pounders, which fired 3900 shells on the area, and U.S.-manned Kittyhawks led by Australian Boomerangs bombed the target heavily.

Capture of the Pimple was of immense importance, as it overlooked Japanese supply lines.



• **ON SHAGGY RIDGE,** looking across to the Pimple, 5600 feet above sea level, dominating the Ramu Valley.





● MEN OF A FAMOUS A.I.F. DIVISION relax on board a barge as it rounds Fortification Point, on its way to Finschhafen, Huon Peninsula. They are returning from Kelanua tired, but with every reason to feel satisfied with the job done. Kelanua was then a forward area, and Wep's brush portrays brilliantly the men's infinite weariness and their unflinching cheerfulness. They are all looking forward to their return to the base.

● BULLDOZER AND MEN combine to make a bridge during A.I.F. manoeuvres in northern Australia, described as "toughest ever made." With vital brush strokes, Wep shows this intensive training for the strenuous fighting ahead. It was a forecast of the magnificent job the engineers and their bulldozers were to do in New Guinea, where bulldozers were used for bridge-building, road-making, and as equipment-carriers. (Below.)



Her Daddy's in the A.I.F.

● More pictures of Fay Lorraine Morgan, our New Year baby. See the way she is snuggling up to her proud home-on-leave father. Other pictures show Fay's marked progress.



THERE'S SOMETHING about a soldier... Fay took to her daddy like a duck to water when he arrived home on leave. And she's some girl! She weighs 13lb. 7oz.; length, 25 1/2 in.; disposition, angelic.



CONCENTRATION... This gaily colored ring intrigues her, and she grasps it firmly with both hands. Fay shows remarkable progress.

HOW DO YOU LIKE ME? Note her development and how she exercises herself. When lying on her back, she lifts her head and shoulders in an effort to sit up. She can roll from side to side, and sometimes surprises herself by rolling right round on to her stomach. Top: Fay with her mother. Head and shoulders erect she greeted us with smiles and squeals of delight.



PRETTY TO LOOK AT, nice to eat—so Fay thinks. A small cube was placed on the table to attract Fay's attention, but before our photographer could get her rapt expression she had quickly reached for, seized the new object, and was bringing it up to her mouth. Usually this reaching for objects happens at five months. Fay was four months.

Heart's ease in the Garden

● Some day soon he'll be back, so keep your garden bright and gay.

YOU can find a lot of joy in that big "room" outdoors and the boys, when they return, will be welcomed by brightness round their homes when they need it most.

Much of the drabness and sordidness of war will be forgotten if the home garden is neat, tidy, and filled with colorful, fragrant plants, because there is something healing and restful about Nature's creations that nothing else can provide.

To the woman who is engaged in war work, and has the responsibility still of maintaining the home, short cuts to gardening success may be found by planting established shrubs, clumps of hardy perennials, and those so-called lazy man's plants.

Those who must remain at home can still squeeze an hour or so a day into the garden, even in winter time. Roses and most deciduous shrubs, and many evergreens, may now be planted. Shade trees, fruit trees, climbers of practically all sorts, are still obtainable, although few in variety.

And just as sure as an hour's work a day in the vegetable garden keeps the greengrocer away, so an hour a day in the flower garden will keep the glooms away.

Gardening is not only an escape from the irritations and pressures of life, it is part of the very fundamen-



WELCOME your warrior with a smile and lots of home-grown vegetables, but remember that flowers, too, are morale-builders and provide fragrant memories.

tails of life and civilisation for which we are fighting to-day.

While most of the preparatory work should have been done during autumn, it is not yet too late to make a start. The necessary ingredients for success with a wartime garden are an open, sunny, well-drained block of land in which the soil is fertile or easily made so.

Good water supply, of course, is also necessary, and then the rest depends upon one's purse, time available, age, health, and knowledge of the gardening art.—Our Home Gardener.

Give Back My Heart

Continued from page 31

SHE waited for him in her flat. She had a little money of her own, so she was keeping it on—it would be somewhere for her to come when she was on leave. The prospect of the future, living among a crowd of other women, obeying orders automatically, unformed out of individually, made her skin creep. It would be like being buried alive. Deliberately leaving everything she most valued in life—Martin, and the amusing, interesting, all-absorbing excitement of her work. She heard his ring at the door, and went slowly to answer it.

"Hullo, Martin."

"Hullo."

His eyes quickly took her in approvingly—her well-cut suit, the smooth, shining simplicity of her bronze hair—the freshness of her skin against her soft white shirt.

"Hullo—you look good enough to eat. Are you ready?"

"Yes. Wait until I get my hat. Sorry I can't ask you to have a drink. Everything's covered up."

He stood waiting rather uneasily, while she went for her hat. The flat, placed in dust sheets, seemed like a place filled with unhappy ghosts. She came out of the bedroom, carrying her bag and gloves, her big hat a halo to frame her pale, composed face and bright hair.

"Ready? Well, let's get going. I've a cab waiting."

They went to a grill-room where they had often been before. Martin had reserved a table by the wall—he ordered and they sat in silence, watching the people come in—celebrities who paused by their table to speak to Martin.

She said to him:

"Martin—Martin, why did you have to bring me here to-night? It is all so unnecessary. Don't you think I understand?"

"Understand what? What do you mean, Kay?"

"That it's all over. What was between us—if ever there was anything, except"—her voice suddenly quivered—"except a foolish, adolescent devotion on my part."

"Kay. You mustn't talk like that. Look at me." She looked up into the grey, restless eyes. "Kay, everything is still the same."

She shook her head. "No. It isn't. But you want something from me. What is it? You're afraid I shall be hurt if you ask. I shan't. I'm no different, Martin. I'm still around, if you choose to call me back. You've no reason to doubt my devotion to you."

His eyes flickered, and came back to hers, and she knew she had hit upon the truth. He did not want her—but he wanted to rely on her good feeling toward him, because he wanted some kind of service. He took her hand and said frankly, with his curious, almost boyish charm: "You defeat me, Kay. All right, I'll clean. It's this way. You're going into the Services—you can help me. Write to me, give me Service reactions to the ENSA stuff. Get to know all you can, what is most popular, who is really liked,

what they really want. It will help me to get under the skin of it all. I know I give the best in my West End shows. I want to give the best in my other work. Will you do this?"

She had thought to be free of him—to cut herself absolutely clear of the theatre and all its memories and implications. She said slowly: "Of course I will, Martin."

"There's a girl." He took her hand, raising his glass to her. "And now, look. I want to give you something. Something that will be a souvenir of our friendship. Something that you will use in everyday life, and every time you do you will think of me. What would you like—anything?"

She smiled, a queer little feeling of comfort warming through the frost of her pain. Invisible strings he was attaching to her. In spite of everything he could not let her go completely. A foolish wild hope surged through her that Magda might, after all, be only a phase—an infatuation, stronger perhaps, than the others had been, but no more lasting. She smiled and sparkled, suddenly the old Kay who had been his comrade, his adoring slave.

"Martin. I don't need anything to remember you by. I shall remember everything, anyway."

"Please, please, Kay. I'd like to give you something."

She felt her heart and throat constrict unbearably, knowing it was one of his moments of rare sincerity. "Oh, Martin—I—well, I'd rather have some little thing that belongs to you. Something personal. Look, this will do." She picked up the shagreen cigarette-lighter that lay on the table near his hand.

"I'd like this lighter, Martin. I need one, and you have so many. I'd like this—please."

He hesitated.

"Kay. Let me buy you a really nice one, with your own initials. That's not much. Or how about my gold one? I'd like to give you something really good."

"But this is lovely—and it's not really suitable for a man. Shagreen and silver—and your initials. I shall certainly remember you every time I light a cigarette."

He did not answer, and she knew he was not listening. She followed his glance to the door.

Magda had just come in. She was wearing white with dark furs. Diamonds glittered at her wrists—her fine hair shimmered in the lights. She was with a naval officer, not a very young man. He was watching her as she glistened and glistened, as one watches a charming, spoiled, naughty child. They went straight to a table, obviously booked for them, and in a few moments were obscured by a deferential buzz of waiters.

Kay was desperately sorry for Martin. In that moment his expressive features were utterly unguarded, and he was revealed suffering as he had never suffered before

in the whole of his brilliant, selfish life. She thought: He's met someone like himself—unpredictable. He looks older in this moment—all of his thirty-eight years. Her heart melted with compassion. She put her hand on his arm, gently, saying: "Don't look like that, Martin. It's not like you to let things hurt you."

He turned to her absently, not hearing her words, the mask of charm, the delightful pretence that his eyes and ears were for her alone, automatically returning.

"What was that, Kay?"

She shook her head, lowering her eyes. "Nothing."

He misunderstood her disappointment. "This? Of course, you have it if you really want it, Kay. I want you to. I'm sorry—I didn't realise it meant so much."

"It's quite all right, Martin," she said huskily.

"Please, Kay. I've hurt you. I'm sorry. Do take it. I'll not forgive myself if you don't."

"Very well. Thank you." She slipped it into her bag. She knew now he had hesitated because Magda Joubert had given it to him. She took it, because if she had not he would have guessed her thoughts, know she had seen his pain, and if Martin hated anything it was to be exposed in any weakness.

Kay finished her drink and stood up. "I must go. I have still quite a bit of packing to do."

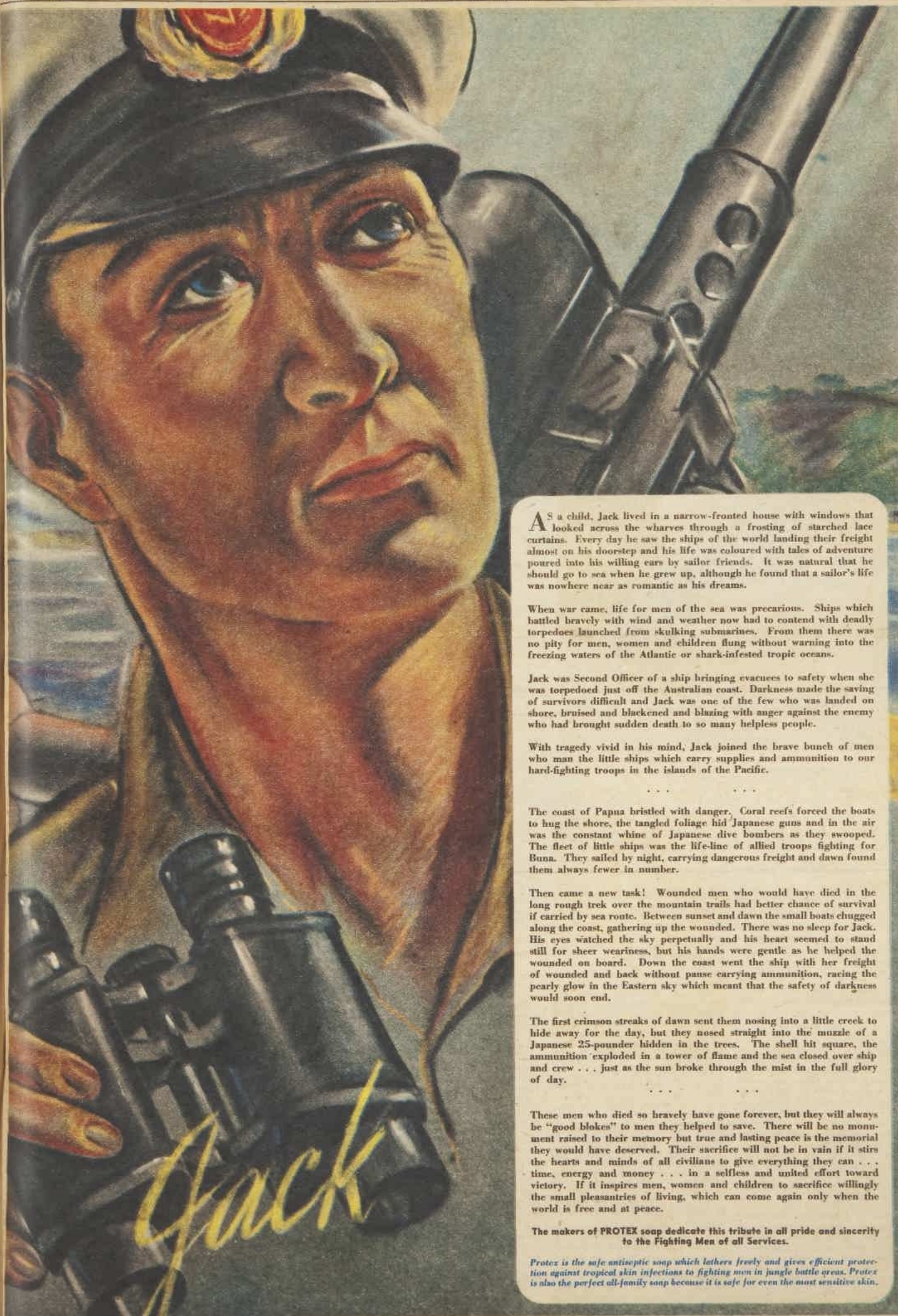
She held out her hand to him. It was better to leave him quickly like this, better than if they were alone, when he might feel she needed more than a brief handshake. "Don't bother to come with me. I'll be writing to give you all the news. Good-bye."

He rose and took her hand, watching her slim, straight back as she crossed the restaurant and went through the swinging glass door. He gave a little sigh, half relief, half regret. He hesitated for a moment, then paid his bill, and went across the room to where Magda was sitting with her companion. She had been perfectly aware of his presence. Her eyes glittered with swift excitement. There would not be a scene because both the men were English, and Englishmen were not prone to show their emotions in public. But Martin was not typical—Martin could be emotional.

He could be amusing and thrashing and exciting, and anyway, his jealousy might make the handsome commander just a little less smart and a little more entertaining. Magda sat up, her thin body vibrating like a cat's. It seemed as though she were going to enjoy herself.

In the taxi, taking her back to the shrouded, empty flat, Kay stared into the darkness. Her throat was tight and dry and constricted. But she did not cry. She had no more tears to cry over Martin. Only the lonely ache of loss.

To be continued



As a child, Jack lived in a narrow-fronted house with windows that looked across the wharves through a frosting of starched lace curtains. Every day he saw the ships of the world landing their freight almost on his doorstep and his life was coloured with tales of adventure poured into his willing ears by sailor friends. It was natural that he should go to sea when he grew up, although he found that a sailor's life was nowhere near as romantic as his dreams.

When war came, life for men of the sea was precarious. Ships which battled bravely with wind and weather now had to contend with deadly torpedoes launched from skulking submarines. From them there was no pity for men, women and children flung without warning into the freezing waters of the Atlantic or shark-infested tropic oceans.

Jack was Second Officer of a ship bringing evacuees to safety when she was torpedoed just off the Australian coast. Darkness made the saving of survivors difficult and Jack was one of the few who was landed on shore, bruised and blackened and blazing with anger against the enemy who had brought sudden death to so many helpless people.

With tragedy vivid in his mind, Jack joined the brave bunch of men who man the little ships which carry supplies and ammunition to our hard-fighting troops in the islands of the Pacific.

The coast of Papua bristled with danger, Coral reefs forced the boats to hug the shore, the tangled foliage hid Japanese guns and in the air was the constant whine of Japanese dive bombers as they swooped. The fleet of little ships was the life-line of allied troops fighting for Buna. They sailed by night, carrying dangerous freight and dawn found them always fewer in number.

Then came a new task! Wounded men who would have died in the long rough trek over the mountain trails had better chance of survival if carried by sea route. Between sunset and dawn the small boats chugged along the coast, gathering up the wounded. There was no sleep for Jack. His eyes watched the sky perpetually and his heart seemed to stand still for sheer weariness, but his hands were gentle as he helped the wounded on board. Down the coast went the ship with her freight of wounded and back without pause carrying ammunition, racing the pearly glow in the Eastern sky which meant that the safety of darkness would soon end.

The first crimson streaks of dawn sent them nosing into a little creek to hide away for the day, but they nosed straight into the muzzle of a Japanese 25-pounder hidden in the trees. The shell hit square, the ammunition exploded in a tower of flame and the sea closed over ship and crew . . . just as the sun broke through the mist in the full glory of day.

These men who died so bravely have gone forever, but they will always be "good blokes" to men they helped to save. There will be no monument raised to their memory but true and lasting peace is the memorial they would have deserved. Their sacrifice will not be in vain if it stirs the hearts and minds of all civilians to give everything they can . . . time, energy and money . . . in a selfless and united effort toward victory. If it inspires men, women and children to sacrifice willingly the small pleasures of living, which can come again only when the world is free and at peace.

The makers of PROTEX soap dedicate this tribute in all pride and sincerity to the Fighting Men of all Services.

Protex is the safe antiseptic soap which lathers freely and gives efficient protection against tropical skin infections to fighting men in jungle battle areas. Protex is also the perfect all-family soap because it is safe for even the most sensitive skin.

Be a Lovely Bride

● Whether you have a week or a month to prepare for the day do follow this advice . . .

By MARY ROSE, our Beauty Expert

FIRST thing to do is to take stock of yourself. Look yourself over with severely critical eyes. Well, now . . .

Not one night will you go to bed with the day's make-up, plus the accumulation of dust and grime, clinging to your skin.

Using the purest night cream you can buy, you will do this: Tie or pin a towel round your head, tuck hair out of sight, dab cream on your face and neck, smooth over, and then remove gently with soft face towel or cotton-wool. Now apply more of this beauty-bringing cream, and pat or massage it into the skin. Slap under-chin with back of each hand; tap, oh, so gently, round the eyes, or smooth with third finger in toward nose and out over eyes.

In the morning wash face, and apply astringent before foundation cream (or whatever you use) and make-up.

At night you will also bathe your eyes, use hand lotion unsparingly, and attend to those very important fingertips.

Now about your hair: You must give it special attention. Buy a good hair tonic. Sprinkle some on to a cotton-wool pad, part hair at intervals, and rub on scalp, then massage the scalp vigorously. Then you must brush and brush your hair.

Shampoo your head the day before you are to be married, applying a good hair oil an hour or so before the shampoo. It pays!



● He's coming home—how wonderful! Little time to get ready, but with special beauty care you'll be the prettiest bride ever to walk down the aisle of your church.



BIRTHDAY PARTY saved up until Daddy comes home . . . If you would like to make a similar one just follow the recipe.

TWO LOVELY BRIDES . . . From their tulle-crowned heads to their satin-shod feet they look adorable. Now, if you're planning to be married when he comes on leave do follow their example with health, skin, and hair care.



ALL PART of this marriage business—cooking. Make it interesting, make it fun.

CAULIFLOWER PIES

Two cups cooked, diced cauliflower, 1 cup white sauce, 1 cup grated cheese, 2 tablespoons grated onion. Season to taste with hot sauce.

Line patty-tins with good short pastry. Mix all ingredients together, fill pastry cases and cover with pastry. Make slits on top and bake in hot oven till golden brown.

May be served hot with vegetables for dinner, cold with salad for lunch or the lunch basket. These can very often be made from left-overs from the Sunday dinner, and cooked minced meat may be substituted for the cheese.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Gadd, Ourimbah, N.S.W.

CELEBRATION CAKE

Choose a light butter cake mixture (8oz. flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 4oz. butter, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, flavoring, baked in an 8in. cake tin for 1 1/2 hours) or a sponge cake, plain or chocolate.

The cake in the picture is a light one frosted with pale blue icing, tipped with white. The rocks round the lighthouse are colored brown.

The frosting was made as follows: Whisk 2 egg-whites and gradually whisk in 1 1/2 cups of sugar and 4 tablespoons of water. Whip over boiling water until the mixture holds its shape. This will take about 12 minutes. Add 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Color 1 cup brown with caramel or cocoa; leave 1 cup white, and color the remainder a pale blue, using the laundry blue-bag. Quickly frost the cake (the icing dries and crumbles if overcooked or left too long in basin).

Using a knife, flick up the waves and roughly tip with the white. Place lighthouse in position, and spread brown icing round. Place boat and flags in position.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Fisher, 14 Brisbane Ave., Lindfield, N.S.W.

Home on leave!

See opposite page

Orange Ambrosia Cake: Two cups sifted flour, 1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder, pinch of salt, 1 1/2 teaspoons grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup bird or other shortening, 2 egg-yolks, 2/3 cup orange juice, 2 egg-whites.

Sift the flour and measure, and then sift with the baking powder and salt. Cream the orange rind and vanilla with the fat and sugar. When well creamed, beat in the egg-yolks, and then lightly stir in the sifted flour with the strained orange juice. Lastly fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Bake in two greased seven-inch sandwich-tins in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 25 minutes.

Family dinner

NOTHING is too good for this occasion, and every hand to the wheel! The boys can polish and fix the vegetables, the girls can prepare the garnishes, set the table, fuss with the flowers. There's plenty for mother to do.

How about this menu?—

Cream of Celery Soup
Roast Sirloin
Baked Potatoes and Onions
Green Beans
Stuffed Tomatoes
Sunday Fudge Pie
Fruit Cup Raisin Cookies
Sunday Fudge Pie—Six ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon mixed spice (may be omitted), pinch of salt, 3oz. dripping, squeeze of lemon juice, about 2 tablespoons cold water, 1 pint milk, 1 1/2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 tablespoon sugar, few drops vanilla, 1 tablespoon golden syrup or honey, 1 dessert-spoon butter.

Sift flour, baking powder, spice and salt. Rub in fat, and add, if liked, a dessert-spoon sugar. Mix to a dry dough with lemon juice and water. Roll thinly, and line an 8in. pie-plate with the pastry.

Trim and pinch edges decoratively, and bake in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) until browned and crisp, about 10 minutes. Blend the cornflour and cocoa with a little cold milk.

Heat remaining milk and sugar to simmering point, stir in blended cornflour, and cook over boiling water for 15 minutes. Beat in the whipped egg, cook for 2 or 3 minutes longer. Add butter, honey, and vanilla, and whisk thoroughly. Pour into cooked pastry-case.

Decorate, if liked, before serving with sliced bananas, glazed in brown sugar and spice, or with mock cream.

Celebration Cake

and other good things to eat.

● With sharpening winter winds readers' recipes favor hot savories, hot pastries, and steaming soups . . . This week's prizes are fine for inclusion in food plans for leave days.

SERVE the chutney cheese scones hot and fresh from the oven for tea in front of the fire or pair with a cream supper savory.

The cauliflower pies will be popular for a hot buffet, or served with greens and browned potato wafers for dinner menu; preface here with a tomato cream soup, or follow with a lemon snow or light sweet.

The mock crab is a delicious savory for formal dinner or coffee-and-toast supper.

Every homemaker will be interested in the striking but easy-to-make celebration cake. Decorations show a troopship on a pale blue frosted sea passing a spectacular lighthouse on its way to a safe and happy anchorage.

CHUTNEY CHEESE SCONES

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessert-spoon shortening, 1 1/2 gills milk, 2 tablespoons chutney, two tablespoons grated cheese, paprika or cayenne pepper, 1 tablespoon melted butter.

Sift together flour and salt. Rub in shortening, and mix to a soft dough with milk. Turn on to a

floured board, and knead lightly. Roll 1/4-inch in thickness.

Cut into three-inch circles, and place half-teaspoon chutney on each. Glaze edges slightly, and fold over. Brush top with melted butter, and sprinkle with grated cheese. Sprinkle with cayenne or paprika, and bake in upper half of hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. W. Alsop, 15 Queen St., Goodwood Park, S.A.

MOCK CRAB

Grate 1lb. hard cheese, and sprinkle into a fire-proof dish. Beat 1 egg, add 4 tablespoons milk, 2 tablespoons vinegar, pepper, and salt. Pour sauce over cheese, and bake till mixture becomes consistency of cream. Then spread on very hot, buttered toast, and serve at once.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Gaston, 74 5th Ave., St. Peters, Adelaide.

TOMATO POT Cakes

Three-quarters pound flour, salt to taste, a little milk, 1lb. stewed tomatoes with a dash of herbs.

Mix all together to make a stiff batter. Fry in fat until hot cakes are golden brown. Serve with hot white sauce to which a dash of

tomato sauce, a little finely grated cheese, and freshly chopped mint or parsley have been added.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Vivienne Short, 42 Canberra St., Oxley Park, St. Marys, N.S.W.

TASTY ROLL-UPS

Cheese Pastry: 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2/3rds cup water (or milk if to spare), 6 level tablespoons dripping, 1 cup grated cheese.

Sift flour and salt, cut in dripping, stir in cheese. Add just enough liquid to bind ingredients, and roll out thin, thick on a floured board. Make this meat mixture: 1lb. minced beef steak, 1 teaspoon salt, good pinch pepper, parsley to taste, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon flour. Put all into a saucepan and stir over low heat till meat changes color. When cool, form into 8 balls, coat with flour, and fry till browned in hot fat. Cut cheese pastry into 8 squares, wrap round meat rolls, wet edges, and press together. Brush with milk and bake 20 minutes in hot oven. Serve hot with gravy or tomato sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss N. Smith, Hillside, Gippsland, Vic.



Home on Leave!

● And only the best will do... Very special dinners... he-men meals served with all the feminine fripperies; dishes, only found at home, that have a magic way with husky appetites.

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

A DEFINITE touch of sentiment and some disregard of our usual gastronomical economy for this on-leave catering!

You know your man, of course. You know whether he likes one of your big gooey cakes or fruity puddings better than most things, or whether he has the sophisticated palate that prefers to finish dinner with fresh fruit and cheese, chosen with your most discriminating care.

One thing is sure. He will like those dishes made with your own hands. He will enjoy most those dishes he does not find on his Service menus.

Try your hand once again on chocolate cake, and that special apple-pie recipe; trot out your home-made jams and chutneys.

Concentrate on grills when your coupons will allow them.

Make well-seasoned pies. Make plenty of sweets and declare a taboo for the most part on stews, and processed meats, plain boiled potatoes, spinach, cabbage, and dried peas and beans.

I conducted my own Gallup Poll, and

that's what the boys told me... I'm telling you!

Table for two

HERE'S a dinner to remember:

Shrimp Cocktail with Creole Sauce,
Grilled Steak
Pineapple Sticks, Potato Wafers,
Green Peas, Tomato Halves
Candied Apple Pie

Cheese

Coffee

Specially planned for the young wife. Don't sit down in dizzy confusion.

Get ready the steaks early in the day. Shell the prawns, and make the sauce ready for last-minute assembling. Prepare the grill accessories, and make the pie. It can be popped in the oven for re-heating when the grill goes on. Crisp the lettuce, parsley, or celery for the cheese. Get out your best china, and polish the silver.

Dress early, envelop yourself in your most ornamental apron, and be prepared to set the table, and do the final cooking of the dinner with a very-much-present, talkative male at your elbow.

Creole Sauce.—Two tablespoons tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion, 1 teaspoon fresh chopped sage, thyme, or marjoram, pinch curry powder, 1 tablespoon melted butter or salad oil, pepper and salt. Saute the onion for 2 or 3 minutes in the fat. Add the

SHE REMEMBERS... tea or coffee, strong, hot, and very sweet. Cake for dessert. Recipe for delicious orange Ambrosia cake is given on opposite page.

herbs, curry powder, pepper and salt. Stir in the tomato sauce and lemon juice. Strain, if liked, before serving. Grated cheese may be added, if liked.

Pile picked shrimps or prawns (½ pint for 2) in crisp lettuce leaf, and top with sauce.

That Steak.—Choose fillet, sirloin, or rump steak; ½ lb. (1 coupon) is sufficient for two. Do not leave in refrigerator until last minute. The steak is more tender if at room heat before cooking. If doubtful about tenderness, beat with rolling-pin and rub well with lemon juice or vinegar. Don't over-grill. Sharpen dinner knives well; they can spoil the effect of the most tender steak.

The Candied Apple Pie.—Make a good shortcrust, preferably enough for a double-crust pie (8oz. flour). Choose a good cooking apple, and cook the sliced apple first in a thick syrup of brown sugar, water, a spot of butter, if to spare, and a hint of lemon rind. To 1 lb. apples, 1 cup of water, 1 cup of sugar, 1 teaspoon butter, and ¼ teaspoon of grated lemon rind. Cool before assembling the pie. Bake in hot oven.

Old friends to supper

THERE are sure to be guests a few times.

My advice: Serve casually hot help-yourself dishes. They look important, and are far easier to prepare than fussy sandwiches and savories.

Like this menu?

Scalloped Macaroni and Fish
Barbecue-burgers in Tomato Sauce
Orange Ambrosia Cake

Coffee

Fruit Cup

Set the table as a buffet with piled plates, forks, and table napkins in a row. Have the macaroni and fish ready to heat, lighting the oven during the evening.

The barbecue-burgers can be moulded into cakes and ready for the grill with their sauce ready for heating in a casserole in the same oven as the macaroni.

Scalloped Macaroni and Fish: Two cups broken macaroni, ½ lb. fish, preferably of the salted variety, 2 cups white

sauce, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon, 1 cup grated cheese, pepper and salt, few slices lemon, parsley.

Cook the macaroni in fast-boiling water until tender, about 15 minutes. Cook the fish by steaming, grilling, or, if salted, in hot water; flake the fish, and remove bones. Combine the macaroni, fish, sauce, lemon juice, and rind, and season to taste.

Place the mixture in a greased oven-tableware dish. Sprinkle cheese on top. Before serving, heat thoroughly, browning top. Garnish with sliced lemon and parsley. Peas or hot tomato halves may be served for color. For 4 to 6.

Barbecue-Burgers in Tomato Sauce: Two pounds minced meat, 1 tablespoon minced onion, pepper and salt; ½ cups thin brown gravy, 1 cup tomato sauce or purée, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 sprig rosemary tied with two sprigs of mint and sprig of parsley, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, or good dash of red wine.

Combine meat and onion, season well, and form into flat cakes for grilling or cooking on griddle. Cook just before serving, turning several times until cooked through and browned. Heat the sauce ingredients together. Add the hot burgers to the sauce, and serve in hot covered dish. Water toast can be served. For 4 to 6.

(See recipe for Ambrosia cake menu and recipes for family dinner on opposite page.)



THANKS TO HIM....



Freedom is assured

Our cities have been spared the horrors of war through the sacrifices of Australia's fighting men.

Mac.Robertson's make food for these gallant defenders—dehydrated vegetables, cocoa, and special, nourishing rations. That is the reason why you cannot obtain as much as you wish of Mac.Robertson's famous chocolates and confectionery.

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COLUMBINE Caramels, CHERRY RIPE, "FREDDO" FROGS



FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"WENDY"—Informal wedding frock. This most charming frock has been specially designed for the wartime bride who is not troubling about traditional bridal array.

It's lovely. Note high-fitting, plain neckline, form-fitting bodice with fullness over bust, slim waistline, and skirt with fullness at centre front. The edges of the bracelet-length sleeves and also the outline of the bodice are trimmed with bullion, a new and dainty finish.

Ready to Wear—in white flat crepe only: 32 and 34in. bust, 72/11 (12 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 78/8 (13 coupons). Plus 1/9½ postage.

Cut Out Only (ready to sew at home): 32 and 34in. bust, 53/11 (12 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 58/8 (12 coupons). 3/8—Bullion not supplied with cut-outs. Plus 1/7½ postage.

How to obtain "WENDY". In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 34083R, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. When ordering, please give length, hip and bust measurements.



F2374

F2374.—You are going to be married when HE comes on leave . . . Then what lovelier design for your wedding gown than this? Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 6yds. and 14yds., 36in. wide, lace. Pattern, 1/10.

F2376.—Trousseau set embracing slip and panties. Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 3yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered, by post you should: * Write your name and address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * Use box numbers given on this page.

SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Available for one month only from date of issue.

THREE SMART SHIRTS for YOUR WARDROBE

Sizes 36, 38 and 40in. hips.
No. 1.—Requires 2yds., 36in. wide.
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AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue; 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address to your State, as under.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



CHIC BLOUSE IN RAYON CREPE-DE-CHINE

Shirtmaker style, with interesting cutting on bodice, turnback collar, pointed revers, and short-cuffed sleeves, this smart little blouse is available in shades of pastel pink, pastel blue, also plain white rayon crepe-de-chine, ready to cut and sew.
Sizes 32 and 34-inch bust, 12/6 (6 coupons); 36, 38, and 40-inch bust, 14/11 (6 coupons). Plus 4½d. postage.
Please ask for No. 471.

SWEETHEART APRON

This darling apron comes to you with the pattern traced clearly on hard-wearing Sargain in pink only, ready to cut and sew.
Its heart-shaped top is edged with a ruffle, the waistband is shaped, and the skirt falls full and gathered. It fastens at the back.
Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust, 8/11 (3 coupons). Plus 4½d. postage. Please ask for No. 472.

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F2375.—Here's your going-away suit, simple, smartly up-to-the-minute. Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 3yds., 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2376.—A warm, beautifully cut topcoat. Here it is! Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 3yds., 54in., 1yd., 36in., contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F2377.—Decorative frock for afternoons, evenings. Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 3yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2378.—Adorable trousseau nightgown. Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 4yds., 36in. wide. 3yds. lace. Pattern, 1/10.

F2380.—Snappy hat and bag for honeymoon wear. Head sizes 21 to 22½-inch. Requires 1½yds. fabric and canvas, 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2378

F2380

F2379

TO THE MEN OF THE A.I.F.

Our boundless thanks are due... for their gallant deeds at Greece, Syria, Tobruk, Malaya, Java, Timor, El Alemein, Owen Stanley Ranges, Milne Bay, Buna, Gona, Sanananda, Lae, Markham Valley, Ramu Valley, Huon Peninsula... Remember them with letters from home. Letters mean so much to the boys at the fighting front.

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The contribution of the Chemical Industry to the Nation's effort is probably less spectacular, but no less important to the life of the community and munitions production, than the resources of manpower and mineral wealth. Chemicals bring efficiency to every phase of National life.

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